The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LXXXIX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1936 NUMBER 1147

Contents

The Week 93

Editorials

Britain's Responsibility for Spain..... 95
The Utilities Go to Court..... 96
Toward a Labor Party..... 97

General Articles

The Next Four Years: I.....Maury Maverick 99
Sherwood Anderson.....Robert Morss Lovett 103
A Year of the C.I.O.....Mary Heaton Vorse 106
Let My People Go.....Elmer Davis 107
"Mother of Exiles".....James Benét 108
Yes-Man's Land.....Felix Ray 109
Washington Notes.....T. R. B. 110
Other People's Money.....John T. Flynn 111
Hail and Dead End.....Otis Ferguson 112
The Bandwagon 113

Correspondence 114

Hamlets .....Stark Young 116

"The Best of Art Young".....Bruce Bliven 118

Books in Review

Fable for Russian Children.....Malcolm Cowley 120
Return of the Native.....Louis Kronenberger 122
Japan in One Volume.....T. A. Bisson 123
Underground in Germany....Frank B. Blumenfield 124
Bananas.....Clyde O. Hunter 124
Books in Brief..... 126

The Week

MADRID stubbornly held out against the rebels during the week ending November 17, in spite of repeated predictions that its fall was imminent. Rebel aviators, undoubtedly Germans and Italians, using equipment furnished by those countries, killed several hundred men, women and children in a series of aerial raids. With the forecast from Berlin that Germany would soon be ranged openly on the side of the rebels, the danger increased that the Spanish war would grow into a general European conflict. . . . Hitler, following his usual tactics of making important announcements on Saturday afternoon, tore up another section of the Versailles Treaty, providing for internationalized control of German rivers. . . . Serious fighting between Japan and China took place in Inner Mongolia, the Japanese plan being apparently to set up another Manchukuo in that area. . . . President Roosevelt announced his decision to attend the opening session of the Pan American Conference at Buenos Aires, causing a fresh crop of rumors that he will propose there a peace plan providing for universal boycotts against an aggressor nation, applicable in all parts of the world. . . . Japan was reported to be deeply disturbed because the American army is spending money to improve the harbors at Wake, Midway and Guam Islands, on the trans-Pacific aerial route now being flown by Pan American Airways. . . . Eugene O'Neill received the Nobel Prize in literature and there were persistent rumors that the Peace Prize would go to von Ossietzky, the German pacifist who has been in a concentration camp most of the time since the Nazis came to power.

THE strike of seamen and longshoremen continued during the week, tying up several hundred vessels on the three American coasts. . . . As the American Federation of Labor opened its annual convention, prospects faded for a healing of the breach with the Committee on Industrial Organization. . . . Under-Secretary of Agriculture R. G. Tugwell called attention to the desperate plight of the tenant farmers by renewing the suggestion for a large-scale program to aid them over a period of years. . . . President Roosevelt reported that studies are under way to determine whether foreign purchases of American securities can be controlled to prevent their possible harmful effects both upon market prices (in the case of a sudden wave of selling) and upon international currency values. . . . The work of registering industrial employees under the federal old-age-pension plan began throughout the nation. . . . The eightieth birthday of Mr. Justice Brandeis brought a remarkable series of tributes to him in the press of the nation, the more notable when one realizes how many birthdays of other members of the Court pass unnoticed.

THE flood of wage increases continues, with one big corporation after another announcing additions to the pay envelopes of its workers. You don't need to be a cynic to realize that most of these increases were planned before the election and kept secret until after November 3, for political reasons. It is perfectly clear, too, that when this was done, the purpose must have been to help elect Mr. Landon. Nearly all the chief officers of these corporations are Republicans; nearly all professed publicly to be-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lieve business would be better if the Democrats were defeated. They acted, however, with their customary maladroitness in relation to public opinion; by permitting their motives to be so obvious they must have broken, for one, the heart of Mr. Eddie Bernays.

MANY an Irish heart must have been saddened by the news the other day that a contingent of young men from old Erin had sailed to join the fascist army in Spain. The Irish are not commonly thought of as a race of bullies, but this is an action that, to those who understand the Spanish situation, can hardly be justified as an act of honor or chivalry. The whole Spanish uprising is a cowardly one in several aspects. It represents a secret war made by Germany and Italy upon the peaceful inhabitants of a country guilty of no aggression against them. As with the Italians in Ethiopia, the Spanish members of the rebel army have shown a pronounced tendency to let their uncivilized allies, the Moors, take much of the brunt of the fighting. Until just the other day, the character of the war was as cowardly as that of the Italians, since modern instrumentalities of warfare were used against almost unarmed opponents. What in the world has gone wrong with Ireland, that it now breeds young men willing to fight under such a banner and in such a cause?

THE latest development in the case of Professor Jerome Davis, which was reviewed at length in the supplement to last week's issue of The New Republic, is the protest of seven Yale alumni to President Angell. A letter signed by Alfred M. Bingham, the son of former Senator Hiram Bingham, Selden Rodman, Stephen Vincent Bénet, John Chamberlain, Richard Storrs Childs, William Harlan Hale and Dwight MacDonald characterizes the university's failure to reappoint Professor Davis as "tantamount to an expulsion for social and economic views," and goes on to say that "the action fills us Yale men with greater shame for the name of Yale than any action of the university within our memory." University presidents are of course accustomed to receiving letters from irate alumni, generally in a tone unjustified by the subject matter—such as the scarcity of football tickets—and to passing them off lightly. But no matter what President Angell thinks of this letter it emphasizes the desirability, suggested by The New Republic last week, of an investigation of the Davis case by the American Association of University Professors.

FOR several weeks two German women, anti-Nazis and former refugees, have been imprisoned in Germany. One is Olga Prestes, the wife of Luis Carlos Prestes, great leader of the Brazilian National Liberation Alliance who is in a Brazilian jail on the charge of participating in the revolt of 1935. The other is Elise Ewert, who with her husband Arthur Ewert, a former Communist deputy to the Reichstag, took refuge in Brazil. On the night of September 14 Mrs. Prestes, who had been arrested with her husband and passed almost the whole period of her pregnancy in a Brazilian prison, was taken to a hospital in Rio de Janeiro to give birth to her child. Her friends heard nothing more of her. On September 22 Mrs. Ewert was removed from her cell. Subsequently it was announced that both women were en route to Germany, where they arrived on October 18, to be handed over to the Gestapo. But nothing more was heard of the child, or even whether it had been born or not, until Lydia Prestes, the sister of Luis Carlos Prestes, made inquiries of the Brazilian ambassador in Paris which convinced her that the child was alive and still in Rio de Janeiro. She has, of course, asked in the strongest possible terms that the child be turned over to her and its grandmother, but even if this is done, there will still remain the fact that it was taken from its mother almost at birth and that she is in a German prison.

FOR the past five years the International Juridical Association has been publishing periodical bulletins on cases in the field of labor law and civil liberties, records which in many instances are the only reference available, since so many of these cases are settled by magistrates or in lower courts. The current bulletin includes a study of the previous attempts to organize steel workers, with special attention, of course, to the legal aspects. The value of this service to labor lawyers, or anyone interested in the civil liberties and legal rights of workers, is obvious, and the good news is that the Association has now published a cumulative index to its bulletins, which it will keep up to date.

THE National Conference of White Collar W.P.A. Workers, recently concluded at Cleveland, might stand as a model for the unions that constantly tangle with one another over the question of jurisdiction. Of the 45,000 organized workers represented at the conference, 11,000 belong to local unions affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, and were consequently unable to affiliate also with the Workers' Alliance. The remaining 34,000 did join the Workers' Alliance, without giving up their independent unions, and a special white-collar section is being established for them within the Alliance. But this division was not allowed to affect the unity of the organized workers, the A.F. of L. group having set up a coördinating committee of fifteen regional members to act with the Workers' Alliance. The objectives toward which both groups will work include organization of the 200,000 unorganized white-collar and professional workers on W.P.A., continuation and expansion of the works program, with no lay-offs or pay cuts; conversion of present maximum wage scales to minimums, and adjustment of hours to local prevailing wage rates; attainment of equal representation of W.P.A. white-collar workers in all committees and conferences determining policies affecting them; es-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tablishment of a National Academy of Arts and Letters on a permanent federal-support basis to employ actors, artists, writers and musicians; establishment of unemployment and ability as the sole standards for placement and retention on W.P.A.

GOOD news about civil liberties for the week ending November 17: Superior Court Judge Peter J. Shields of Sacramento County, California, issued a writ of mandamus ordering her school to reinstate Helen Gabrielli, a member of the religious sect of Jehovah's Witnesses, who, in accordance with the beliefs of that order, had refused to salute the flag. Among the many cases arising from this belief, this is the first favorable judicial order. The school has until December 15 to appeal. . . . Mayor Fred Wheeler of Hudson, New York, was not dismayed by the American Legion and similar business men's groups, who deluged him with demands that the use of the city hall should be refused to the Communist Party for a scheduled lecture. Mayor Wheeler defended the right of free speech, and Granville Hicks, the well known scholar and critic, delivered his lecture. . . . The American Civil Liberties Union has modified the policy of American isolation to the extent of establishing coöperation with the National Council for Civil Liberties in London, and with other foreign groups.

BAD news about civil liberties for the same period: Allen Randolph and Robert Scott, members of the Young Communist League, were arrested while distributing leaflets near the campus of Kansas City University, and, although they submitted peaceably, were beaten up. They were sentenced to one year in jail or to pay a fine of $500, and only then, when they had begun to serve their sentence, were they allowed to communicate with anyone. They are still in jail. . . . The Grand Jury of Jefferson County, Alabama, refused to indict any of the men accused of beating Joseph S. Gelders, Southern representative of the National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners. According to a report in The Birmingham Post, no action was taken by the jury "because it regarded the beating victim as an agitator and the inquisitorial body did not believe agitators are a good thing for the Birmingham district." The Post carried an editorial challenging the verdict. . . . On the heels of an announcement by the International Labor Defense that its attorney, Leo Gallagher, noted labor lawyer, would defend any maritime striker arrested as the result of strike activity, the State Bar of California served notice on Gallagher to show cause why he should not be disbarred. The Bar stated that a complaint had been filed on July 15, on the ground that Gallagher had made unethical statements against Judge Arthur Crum of the Superior Court in Los Angeles when Gallagher ran against him in the primaries, but refused to give Gallagher a copy of the charges or to allow the hearing, set for November 24, to be a public one.

Britain's Responsibility for Spain

WOMEN and children torn to pieces by aerial bombs as they go to market, crowded buildings and boulevards where people promenade on Sunday being shattered by artillery, suburbs and outlying parks made into playgrounds for grinding tanks, men and women who a few months ago were working at their trades being sprayed to death in their trenches by machine guns in power-diving pursuit planes—this is Madrid today. It would seem that nothing could be more agonizing than the long suspense and suffering of this proud capital, unfortified and almost unprepared, holding out against the efficient agencies of destruction supplied to General Franco, his Moors and his mercenaries by Italy, Germany and Portugal. If he takes the city, slaughter will probably creep from block to block and street-corner to street-corner, and wholesale executions will follow. If, with their new planes, guns and reinforcements, the loyalists can beat him back, there will still be a chance for the workers of Madrid though it will have been too late to prevent many horrors.

This climax of the Spanish civil war, however, is all too likely to be a beginning rather than an end. Hitler and Mussolini have made an agreement about Spain, concerning which there are many rumors. If Franco does capture Madrid, they will probably recognize him, and may openly continue to give the assistance that he will surely need if he is to subdue the Catalonians. A more recent report from Berlin, published in The New York Times, represents the fascist dictators as being worried about the delay in the fall of the capital and as ready to aid Franco openly if he is in danger of being repulsed. In addition, they would blockade the Spanish coast. It may be true, therefore, that whichever way the battle turns, the non-intervention agreement will be formally nullified by those who already have broken it, and the danger of a general war will be nearer than ever.

Other incidents reveal increasing strain between the possible combatants. A rebel warship captured a Soviet vessel bound for Spain, charging that it was laden with munitions. This vessel was immediately declared by the Soviet government to be a tanker carrying oil; it is listed as a tanker in Lloyd's Register. Although charges that Russia has been supporting the loyalists, made before the international committee, were denied by this committee after investigation, they are continually repeated in Rome and Berlin. A number of Germans have been arrested in Moscow, accused of complicity in a fascist plot, and the German government has protested. In France Premier Blum is under increasing pressure both from his own Socialist Party and the Communists to come to the aid of the Spanish government, and has been instructed to negotiate with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Great Britain to obtain her support for this policy. If the non-intervention agreement is discarded by Rome and Berlin, he can hardly resist this pressure longer. Even in Great Britain opinion condemning the supine course of the government is growing more exigent.

On the loyalist side as well as on that of the rebels there are numerous foreigners—aviators and other experts who have volunteered and are being paid by the Spanish government. One anonymous French pilot, interviewed by a Paris newspaper, is reported to have given a detailed account of the planes on both sides. Franco has, without much question, both German and Italian planes manned by army officers from those nations; at the beginning the government possessed only inferior equipment and bought more of it from unreliable dealers, but now, according to this story, it has modern Russian bombers and pursuit planes. Whatever the source of these new ships, daily news dispatches leave no doubt that they exist and are doing execution. Another story in The Week—a London news letter which sometimes reveals startling facts not in the press—alleges that the Germans and Italians are deliberately using the occasion to test their new equipment and train their men under actual battle conditions, thus gaining valuable experience for the coming general war.

Is it possible at this late date to stop the drift toward extension of the hostilities? There is no doubt that the measures so far taken have not prevented the steady development of intervention. In spite of pretenses, intervention exists, "neutrality" is a farce. There is no advantage to be gained by ignoring the facts any longer, as Premier Baldwin's government and a large part of the British public still insist upon doing.

While the British Cabinet Ministers during the summer were enjoying their long vacations in the country, pretending that they could abolish the crisis by ignoring it, and giving other signs of incapacity to rule, precious time was lost. One opportunity after another slipped out of their flaccid grasp. These opportunities were:

1. At the outset the British could have supported the French government in its desire to follow the normal and legal policy of allowing the constitutional Spanish government to buy what it wished, while embargoing aid to the rebels. This would not have been a violation of neutrality according to international law. Italy and Germany could not have objected, and it is doubtful whether they would have had the foolhardiness to intervene on the other side. The chances are that, if this had been done, the rebels would have been crushed long ago, much bloodshed would have been avoided and the danger of a military fascist regime in Spain, allied with Italy and Germany, would have been avoided.

2. After intervention by the fascist powers was already under way, but not yet extensive, while France and Great Britain were embargoing shipments to the Spanish government, the neutrality agreement was made. This, as predicted by British authorities at the time, would be a dead letter unless it were enforced by British pressure on Portugal, a dependent ally, and by a blockade carried out by the British and French navies. But the British government was content to allow the agreement to remain a dead letter as far as aid to the rebels was concerned, while the loyalists still were unable to procure aid. A rigorous neutrality policy would have avoided all danger of a spreading of hostilities and would have given the loyalists at least a better chance than the course actually pursued.

3. After everybody but the British government knew and had admitted that non-intervention was a failure, the Soviet government sharply challenged the policy, charging violations against Germany, Italy and Portugal. The Soviet representative threatened to withdraw from the agreement unless it was enforced, and suggested a blockade. The British government, by a policy of evasion and delay, managed to keep its back to the issue, and nothing was done. Even at this late date, there was a chance of avoiding further complications by a bold policy of united action by Britain, France and the Soviet Union along one or the other of the lines suggested.

What now? It may be that the British government is counting upon a prompt victory by the Spanish rebels, with fascist aid, and accepts this outcome with equanimity as a lesser evil than the chance of a general war. We fear, however, that this is another stupid self-deception. Franco is not winning as promptly as expected. Intervention on both sides, which is a fact, prolongs and embitters the war. The longer the war goes on, the larger and more aggressive will become the foreign movements of partisans. Prime Minister Baldwin may yet be held chiefly responsible by historians not only for the trouble in Spain, but for the failure to put out a fire which kindled a world conflagration.

The Utilities Go to Court

HOW BIG is the utility industry? In the past it has been big enough to wear alternately the mask of intrastate or interstate commerce, depending upon whether it was before a federal court for regulation or before a state commission on a rate case. It has been big enough to keep multiple sets of books, each exactly suitable to one of the many roles the industry desired to play: a lure of glittering riches to the investor, a nearly bankrupt starveling to the rate commissions, a great public servant in the propaganda distributed to high schools and colleges. Now it is in the midst of a legal fight to preserve its treasured immunity from both state and federal law and it seems to be big enough to tinge even the greatest names of the legal profession with some of its own curious sense of ethics.

The fight is on the present utility-holding-company law, which seeks to compel utility holding companies to register with the S.E.C. and thereafter

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

subjects them to a type of regulation that will effectively stop the kind of holding-company practices that in the past have enabled the whole industry to ride serene above all law and regulation. The utilities have opposed this law by one of the most unusual series of maneuvers in American legal records. They are not obeying the law while praying for relief from its onerous burdens; they have not registered under it; they are not seeking to enjoin the S.E.C. from doing anything because there is nothing the S.E.C. can do except sue them; they simply refuse to register and are asking the courts to say that the act is unconstitutional and that they do not have to register.

If we could strip this proceeding of the great names of the utilities' counsel and the glitter of the billions of utility money and get the case down to the proportions of the actual legal principles involved it would appear to be one of the most extraordinary legal spectacles ever paraded through the American courts. If, for example, it were an act requiring the registration of liquor dealers, one can imagine the reaction should John W. Davis and Thomas D. Thacher walk in and ask for a declaratory judgment that the liquor dealer didn't need to register because the act was unconstitutional. The court would politely tell even Messrs. Davis and Thacher that American courts do not habitually issue advisory opinions and that, so long as their client had not registered, the case lay the other way around, that the state had a legal case against him to compel him to register—which would serve to determine the constitutionality of the law—but that he himself had no case against the state.

Unfortunately, whatever ratings the public may give the two industries, the courts have a more tender regard for the subtleties of legal principles if pleaded by great utilities employing eminent counsel. So as a sequel to Mr. Davis' unusual appearance in Baltimore in the Burco case we now have some fifty utilities trying to sue the government for a declaratory judgment while the government, with the case turned the right way round, is suing the Electric Bond and Share Corporation in New York.

The tactics of the utilities have been somewhat devious, but their intent is plain. They do not want to have to defend themselves on the real case in New York and they have been trying to compel the government to defend the fifty extraordinary suits being brought against it all over the country. So far the government has kept the fifty cases from going to trial and the utilities have appealed these stays to the Supreme Court, hoping to get a decision that will force them to trial and confuse the government's clear case against the Electric Bond and Share.

A series of events that took place a week ago in the course of these legal maneuvers brings to question whether the bigness of the utility industry isn't so overwhelming that it distorts the professional habits of even the great lights of the legal profession. On November 9, in the Supreme Court, John C. Higgins, counsel for the North American Company, one of the fifty plaintiffs, argued that these fifty cases and the Electric Bond and Share case were altogether different and should be tried separately. Solicitor General Reed pointed out that while the cases were different, the most important issues—particularly the questions that could be raised by unregistered companies—would be answered by the Electric Bond and Share case.

Two days later in New York the Electric Bond and Share case was on trial. Mr. Higgins was up from Washington. Thomas D. Thacher, one-time Solicitor General, former head of the Bar Association, late of the Charter Commission, counsel for Electric Bond and Share, was arguing. Toward the end of the day Mr. Thacher suddenly tossed a sensation into the case: he accused the government of saying one thing in the Supreme Court and diametrically the opposite in the New York case. Perhaps it would have made a good newspaper story and it would have troubled some of the Supreme Court Justices if they had heard of it. It might have induced them to order the fifty cases to trial on the spot. If it had occurred, of course, it might have meant disbarment for the government's counsel. It hadn't occurred, to be sure, and fortunately the government happened to have at hand the transcript of what had actually been said in the Supreme Court, so the next day Mr. Thacher apologized very handsomely. But this was the extraordinary thing: his confrere, Mr. Higgins, who had heard the Supreme Court record, who had in fact tried to make it, had sat by silent during the accusation. Even more extraordinary, Mr. Thacher had depended for his misinformation, so he reported, on an erroneous newspaper account of the Supreme Court argument.

Toward a Labor Party

CONCRETE advances toward a labor party are to be found in the recent election returns, quite apart from the general effect of the Roosevelt avalanche and its rebuke to the forces of reaction. Workers all over the country got the feeling of united political action in their highly effective support of Roosevelt. Although results were largely registered in the President's name, in many localities the progressive and labor elements emerged from anonymity to make significant gains under their own banners.

The greatest victories were achieved in Minnesota and Wisconsin. The Farmer-Labor Party in Minnesota elected Elmer A. Benson and Ernest Lundeen for Governor and Senator, respectively, by pluralities of more than 200,000. This was partly due to the withdrawal of the regular Democratic candidate for these offices, but in the state administration, where the Democratic ticket remained in the field, all but one of the Farmer-Labor candi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dates were elected, with pluralities ranging from 80,000 to 140,000. The Farmer-Labor representation in Congress was increased from three to five of Minnesota's nine seats, the newcomers including such excellent men as Henry G. Tiegan, a labor editor, and Dewey W. Johnson, who cracked a Republican stronghold by defeating Walter Newton, a former Hoover secretary. The state party, which has an avowed production-for-use program well to the left of Roosevelt, now controls the House of Representatives and the executive council, although the State Senate remains in conservative hands.

In Wisconsin, Governor Philip La Follette was reëlected, and the Progressives again will have seven of the state's ten seats in Congress. Among those reëlected to Congress was Thomas R. Amlie, who carried a normally conservative district with a production-for-use campaign. The Progressives captured all the state elective offices, and although they have not an actual majority in either the upper or lower house of the state legislature, they are so close to it that Governor La Follette is sure to find sufficient independent Democratic and Republican votes to support his program. An able block of young, aggressive Socialists, eleven of them, was elected to the State Assembly on the Progressive ticket, and one to the State Senate. An active element in the campaign was the Farmer-Labor Progressive Federation, a left-wing group within the Progressive Party, from which the La Follettes withheld their allegiance on the ground that they did not want an out-and-out class division. Six of the seven Progressive Congressmen and about one-half of the Progressives in the state legislature are Federationists.

Nationally, Labor's Non-Partisan League, headed by Major George L. Berry, undoubtedly gave Roosevelt some of his most effective support, and many regard the success of its efforts as pointing to an independent labor party in 1940. Labor forces were directly responsible for the political miracle of turning Pennsylvania Democratic and they also played crucial roles in swinging other large industrial states such as Ohio, Illinois and Indiana for Roosevelt. Particularly interesting were the developments in the state of New York, where labor unions and the right-wing Socialists collaborated in forming the American Labor Party and placed Roosevelt at the head of the ticket. Although a vote on the regular Democratic ticket was equally effective, some 300,000 citizens of New York State took the trouble to vote for Roosevelt under the American Labor Party emblem, an extraordinary showing that surprised even the most sanguine supporters. There is now talk of Mayor LaGuardia's running for reëlection next year on the American Labor Party ticket, but so far there has been no official announcement.

The Democratic Party itself took on its most progressive coloring in the state of Washington, where members of the Washington Commonwealth Federation played a leading part in naming the party's candidates and setting its policies. Three Congressmen—Magnuson, Coffee and Leavey—were elected on production-for-use platforms, and a number of adherents to this slogan were elected to state offices.

In the national campaign as a whole, the drive to prevent a reactionary Republican victory at any cost was so great that vast numbers of left-wing voters deserted their normal party groupings to vote for Roosevelt. As it turned out, this extra help was not really necessary, but that fact was difficult to foresee, particularly in the early stages of the campaign. These factors being what they were, it is only natural that the parties of the Left suffered heavy losses in the campaign. Norman Thomas, under the twin influences of the need for a Roosevelt victory and the defection of the right wing of his party, saw the Socialist vote reduced from its 885,000 votes in 1932 to 300,000, according to the returns available at this writing. Earl Browder, the Communist candidate, whose campaign stressed the need for defeating Landon and called for the formation of a national farmer-labor party, saw the Communist vote of 103,000 in 1932 reduced to an estimated 57,000 in the early returns on the present elections. The Socialist Labor Party's candidate got approximately 7,000 votes, as compared with a total of 33,000 in 1932.

The Coughlin-Townsend-Smith factions supporting William Lemke as the Union Party candidate polled only 650,000 votes. Father Coughlin has now ceased radio broadcasting and Gerald Smith has forsaken Share-the-Wealth to organize a fascist movement, while Dr. Townsend retains a lingering remnant of congressional support and probably will continue to show a moderate amount of political activity and strength.

Assaying the results as a whole, this country seems definitely to have turned its back on reaction. In the huge Roosevelt majority there are millions whose stand is to the left of the President and who are—should it become necessary—demonstrably capable of taking independent political action in 1940.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1936, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 40 EAST 49TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY. BRUCE BLIVEN, PRESIDENT, DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER.

EDITORS

BRUCE BLIVEN MALCOLM COWLEY R. M. LOVETT
GEORGE SOULE STARK YOUNG

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

HAMILTON BASSO H. N. BRAILSFORD LEWIS MUMFORD
JOHN T. FLYNN WALDO FRANK E. C. LINDEMAN
W. P. MANGOLD JON. MITCHELL JOHN DEWEY
REXFORD G. TUGWELL

RATES: SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS; FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Next Four Years

I: *In Congress*

This is the first of a series of articles on various aspects of the next four years in American life. The other contributors are: Secretary Henry A. Wallace, Under-secretary Rexford G. Tugwell, Morris L. Cooke, John L. Lewis, Dr. Arthur E. Morgan, Professor Thomas Reed Powell, Bruce Bliven and George Soule.—THE EDITORS.

IN A CLOUDBURST of votes, the people washed away "Jeffersonian" Democrats, assorted big shots, newspapers, in a deluge of hilarious bitterness—and when the sun rose bright and shiny, there was Franklin D. Roosevelt, sitting on top of the world.

The press, having reached the lowest level of degradation in national history, was thoroughly repudiated; history may record that it will never regain its prestige, that its political functions will pass to the radio. To stupid, bare-faced lies, gross intimidation and the pay-envelope fraud, the people gave one long razzberry. Even the Lords du Pont, who set about to purify all America, got knocked on their ears in their own barony, by their own retainers. Verily, the people used the "American system" to show what they thought, and in an American way.

It was the greatest revolution in our political history—even William Allen White said it showed a changed attitude toward government and very sagely referred to the fact that the people wanted the American Constitution's general-welfare clause considered. Too, the people gave a tip to the Supreme Court.

Of course, everyone knows why Congress is overwhelmingly Democratic: Roosevelt. But the real complexion of the next Congress is important, for there are all shades of Democrats. As for conservatives, there are plenty, and statistics are not necessary to prove it. Let us check the liberals and progressives. First, the loss of four is very serious. They are Sisson (D), friend of education and foe of Red-baiters, and Marcantonio (R), first-class fighting man for the underdog, both of New York; and Driscoll (D) of Pennsylvania, who exposed the telegram fraud of the utility holding companies. Moran (D) of Maine will not return either, as he did not offer for reëlection.

But all the other House liberals have returned, stronger. For instance, Wearin and Biermann from Iowa, also Eicher, a clear, able thinker who has won after a bitter fight from the utilities and reactionary elements. The Farmer-Laborites have increased their numbers from three to five, the new ones being Tiegan and Johnson, both Minnesota and said to be good liberals. All of the Wisconsin progressives will be back, with accumulated experience and greater prestige. Magnuson (takes Zioncheck's seat), Coffee and Leavey, three new ones, come with the solidly liberal Democratic delegation from the cantankerous state of Washington. They rate 100-percent, except one, who suffers from a violent case of Townsenditis, the others having only mild cases. Connecticut sends Alfred N. Phillips (D), a successful business man, said to have courage and brains—Legionnaire—and friend of civil liberties. He will be heard from. With him comes W. J. Fitzgerald, in a nearby district, a laborite, long champion of better hours and wages and enemy of sweatshops. An ardent New Dealer, who, it is said, really understands Jefferson, and cracked the Byrd machine wide open, is Hamilton, a ray of light for Virginia. Ross Collins, Mississippi, hated by the military reactionaries, will be back after staying out one term, and will be as vocal as ever. Comes also Frank P. Havenner of California, intelligent advocate of public ownership and former secretary to Hiram Johnson. In the election the ladies did well: five made it, four of them serving last session, the new one being Mrs. Nan Wood Honeyman (D), Oregon, friend of Mrs. Roosevelt, grandmother, proponent of social legislation and considered liberal. A good sign of the intelligence of the people who forgot chivalry and good manners to a lady, was the defeat of Mrs. Kahn (R), of San Francisco, able, popular—and thoroughly militaristic and reactionary.

In the House the Republicans have dropped from their already meager 104 to 89—clean out of sight. They are dead, dead, dead. There are no members in the Party who form any opposition whatever; neither individually nor as a group have they the slightest thought of any program, or of anything but superficial criticism of acts and forces they do not understand. This is unfortunate. Hollister (R), Taft law partner, who followed Nick Longworth, is beaten—he was an intelligent conservative who fought like a man. He is really the only one worth mentioning. The others, like Chester Bolton, head of the Republican congressional committee, an amiable reactionary from Cleveland, were soundly defeated, and deservedly.

In the Senate the enemies of the New Deal were all defeated. New Senators, former Representatives, are Gillette (D) (specialty, peace) of Iowa, Lee (D), (specialty, New Deal) of Oklahoma, Lundeen (F-L) (specialty, social security) of Minnesota, and all on the progressive side. The loss of Costigan of Colorado is a tragic one. Some say

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the new Republican Senator from Massachusetts, Cabot Lodge, may be some opposition, although his main stock in trade is advocacy of the tariff and down with the Japs.

A comparison of the two houses shows both have gained in members with progressive tendencies. The organization, or lack of organization, in the Senate affords better opportunities to progressives because of smaller membership, longer tenure of office and the absence of restrictive rules. In the House the rules are so strict, the membership so large, that the situation is much worse for the liberals.

For a decade the House has been losing prestige. For the past two sessions, the House committees have jammed through bills in a day or two without adequate debate—to be sent to the Senate for consideration lasting into months. If the House is to regain its diminished prestige, it must assert its equality with the Senate, debate—and the liberals or progressives must fight together for legislation.

With the great majority vaguely New Deal but having every political slant of the compass, a definite program is of course subject to question. It is said also that the American people have no economic philosophy, no well considered aims, and that, therefore, this unwieldy majority will break into wandering factions and nothing will be accomplished.

Some say the election was no mandate to Congress at all. But since the people gave Roosevelt full power of attorney, and elected his congressmen, this in itself is a mandate to get the job done as it was started. The American people simply expect the President and Congress to "do what it takes." Crying over the all-sacred Constitution and the flag leaves the voter unmoved. So I would say that out of the welter of the campaign the voter has commanded: Keep up the New Deal, we want the government to assume social responsibility; go ahead—now, F.D., and you, Mr. Congressman, we elected you, go to it—the Supreme Court is all right, but we elected you, not them.

The citizen may not understand the niceties of the Supreme Court legalistic historical mumbo-jumbo; he does know, however, that he wants representative government, and does not want this destroyed by cold and unsympathetic power. He may not even know that the Constitution provides not once, but twice, for the general welfare, but he thinks, quite rightly, "what the hell is government for, anyway; ain't it for everybody?"

He also knows that he is entitled to a *living* constitution, and will refuse to accept a dead one. He wants a living body of fundamental law, not a meaningless skeleton of bones through which rattle empty and insincere phrases.

Neither the President nor Congress has any disrespect for the Supreme Court. But it would be nice indeed if the Supreme Court would get together and read over the Constitution—just as a family has prayer meetings at which it reads the *original* prayer book and not the selected sermons and homilies of a dead preacher. If the Court can be induced to read the original Constitution —not their selected decisions—they will find, all written in the Constitution itself, the provision and duty of Congress to provide for the general welfare; more, they would see this is a right under the Constitution of the people. There is no reason why the Court cannot be whispered a gentle hint from the people, just as it is proper for them to demand fair dealing from their elected representatives, the President, the Vice President, the Governors and the rest of the public officials who serve in a democracy.

There have been many disputes among the various branches of government in our history; it is nothing new. There may be, in the next four years, some violent disputes; some amendments submitted. Or possibly the Court will have the family reading of the Constitution, and accidentally run into the general-welfare clause, written in black and white—and act accordingly; in which case no amendments will be necessary.

Your average American has also figured something else, and that must be considered in the next four years of Congress. It is, that business should have the same function as government, or vice versa —to furnish a way of life, a job. He does not care whether he works for the telephone company or the Post Office; the one that gives him the security and carries out its function in the better way—that is the group, public or private, that should have the function.

This means another mandate to Congress. The T.V.A., Boulder Dam, similar enterprises and other public projects, federal aid of various kinds, the labor-relations and social-security acts—these have been accepted just as the army and the Post Office, and must continue—on a larger scale. Also, many pieces of legislation expire soon after Congress convenes—stabilization, devaluation powers, neutrality, C.C.C., Resettlement, R.F.C., reciprocal tariffs. They, in general, must be continued. The purely technical job of legislation will be a hard one—so hard, in fact, that the next session will probably be the longest in history.

There are some "musts" for the President, too. *He must be as liberal and progressive as he talks.* The President and Congress now face the problems of recovery, and he must meet, and Congress must meet, these problems—which are just as difficult as those of the depression.

If the graphs go up, the American people should go up, too, and not be left underneath like new American pariahs. In the depression Roosevelt gave the people human sympathy, and preserved the established order; in recovery, and the continuation of the established order, the people will not be satisfied with mere existence. With business recovery there must be human recovery.

What has been done or attempted by the Roosevelt administration has been accepted, and is, therefore, routine. Whether it represents an "economic

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

system" that will finally settle our troubles I do not discuss, although I think not. For unemployment is still with us, and this is the single, outstanding issue. A continuing unemployment census should have been instituted a generation ago—the fact that it has not been done is a disgrace to both parties. People are beginning to believe that the old-time politics is on the way out, and the new-time economics is on the way in. In any event, no one can offer any immediate solution of the unemployment problem or a ready-made economic system. It seems to me that what Congress should do, and the people should do, is to go on with the formerly extraordinary, bitterly contested issues as ordinary, settled practices, reorganize for efficiency, move up a notch and attempt to analyze some basic principles upon which legislation may be enacted in the next four years.

For the people must be considered as of the land, and not merely as of laws, man made and out of date. There must be fundamental objectives to save this land; for that is the way we live. Food, health, clothing, shelter, water, trees, and what we call "life and liberty" are included. I shall divide them as follows: (1) The protection of civil liberties; (2) conservation; (3) housing; (4) land tenancy; (5) food and chemical preparations; (6) peace.

Civil Liberties

With the rising incline of business, coupled with the tenseness of the international situation, the preservation of civil liberties will be more difficult than ever. Certain "patriotic" organizations, some unconsciously influenced by ship-builders, the steel interests and the intelligence (espionage) department of the navy, will put heavy pressure on Congress for all kinds of bizarre—and dangerous—legislation. Similar bills nearly passed in the last session.

The Red scare has been defeated dozens of times, but organizations, school boards, legislatures go on with all kinds of foolish "investigations."

It is important for all to understand that the basis of democracy is that there is no limit to the freedom of *speech*. Any *overt act,* however slight, is covered by dozens of laws. An unpatriotic anarchist has as much right to talk nonsense in the most violent manner, as a highly patriotic, 100-percent American munitions maker—or, for that matter, President Angell of Yale.

Liberals and conservatives alike should take the offensive for the Bill of Rights. Bob La Follette Jr. already has a committee doing intelligent and aggressive work on that subject.

Conservation of Natural Resources

Conservation of our natural resources—the drama of forests, rivers and the soil—suddenly took the imagination of the American people about two years ago. Roosevelt was the drum major; he gave conservation every possible encouragement. By executive order he created the National Resources Board. In 1934 the Board made a comprehensive report which resulted in broader public understanding. The Soil Conservation Service was created by Congress in 1935. And now through Washington, state planning boards, forestry and conservation associations, the American people indicate a desire for a general plan of conservation. It must contemplate great drainage areas, big rivers and little waters, dust storms, minerals, gas and oil; climates and different conditions; and the effect upon the earth of roads, bridges, cities, sewer plants and all artificial additions made by society.

In the conservation legislation already adopted and generally accepted in the country, Congress has recognized the direct responsibility of the federal government to protect the basic soil resources. The Soil Conservation Service has made only a beginning, but enough of one to show what is necessary, and what can be done. Indian pueblos, the Tennessee Valley, numerous districts over the United States which in the past looked as if they were destroyed for all time, are being rehabilitated. The work indicates clearly that it can be projected in the future on a comprehensive scale. Congress in the next four years must enact permanent legislation and make adequate appropriations. This is essential to our national existence.

Housing

Closely connected with conservation is housing. From eight to ten million families live in houses shockingly inadequate, which should be destroyed in the interest of public health and safety—and rebuilt. Check-ups by government departments have shattered a lot of rosy dreams about the "American standard of living"; unthinkable living quarters, city and country slum areas not believed to exist, have been found.

Statistics only wear one out, but they show that in slums disease is from two to five times as great as in decent housing. Not only that, but they are expensive: Cleveland's slum area paid in $225,000 and it cost $2,000,000 to keep it up. Net loss: around $1,750,000 annually. This is true in varying proportions of every city in America.

Private speculative building never has erected and cannot now erect new dwellings of good standards at a cost that most city dwellers can afford to pay. Its opportunity is in the higher income levels.

Why not then, through the federal Treasury, subsidize housing? The return will be in better families, better health—and in better business and taxes. Senator Wagner passed his bill in the Senate last year—there is substantial sentiment for it now in the House. Secretary Ickes has already built fifty projects of low-cost housing and has the training and experience to do the job. The prospects for housing and its benefits, including employment, are good for the next four years.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Land Tenancy

Tied in with the problem of conservation and housing is land tenancy. In the South, tenant farming, in a rapidly deteriorating soil, is the lot of 46 to 70 percent of the agricultural population. But it is no longer confined to the South. It is growing all over the United States. Fifty percent of the farmers, and probably more, in Iowa are now tenants—Illinois 44 percent, South Dakota 49, Senator Norris' Nebraska also 49—all these Middle and Northwestern states running anywhere from 29 to 50 percent. To meet this situation the Bankhead-Jones bill was introduced two years ago.

What shall we do, buy land for tenants, and start them out spic and span? Just turn them loose with a title—and a big mortgage? No, there must be, in these changing trends of government, restrictions as to cropping, requirements in conservation and prohibitions as to the selling or mortgaging of the land. Coöperatives must be encouraged; a permanent land policy will be necessary.

The President, and both Houses, favor the legislation. Therefore, the problem is to write the bill. The Bankhead-Jones bill provided for a $50,000,000 corporation; bond authorization, $300,000,000 (nowhere near enough); purchase of land and equipment. Such legislation may at least begin to attack the problem.

Food and Chemical Preparations

Food and prepared chemicals obviously bear directly on the health and lives of a people. Old Doc Wiley realized this thirty years ago, and got the Pure Food and Drug Law. It was the greatest advance for public health the American people had ever made. However, the law is inadequate—it was inadequate at the time, because of jokers in the bill, for it only narrowly defines and prohibits offenses that are difficult to prosecute and convict.

Concerning drugs, the law only enjoins honesty on labels, and is silent on advertising; there is no control of radio or printed matter. Hence, any fraud can be perpetrated with advertising if the fraudulent representations are left off the label itself. Dangerous contraceptives, poisonous cosmetics —causing suffering, deformities, blindness, sometimes death—are on the market. As written, the law largely nullifies the government's efforts to ban fake cancer, diabetes and tuberculosis "cures." The bottles of drugs do not even require a warning statement of the dangers in self-treatment.

Drugs dangerous to health under ordinary conditions should be outlawed. The good features of the old law should be maintained, with adequate control over food, drugs and cosmetics, curative devices, "slenderizers" and medicines advertised as contraceptives. The great increase in the past few years of processed, canned and packaged foods, going into every home in America, must be considered. This is especially true with a growing population.

In the new legislation false and dishonest advertising must be prohibited. Certain factories must have public-health corrections through the banning of insanitary practices. The jokers must be eliminated. The penalties must be certain and, in some cases, severe. Next year a fair and practical bill will be introduced by Representative Virgil Chapman of Kentucky, and very likely effective legislation will be enacted.

Peace

Paramount in the duty of Congress is keeping this country out of war. In the last session, following the Senate Munitions Committee and considerable agitation by members of Congress, some progress has been made in the adoption of effective neutrality legislation.

We all know the President hates war—so does Congress, and so does everybody else. The duty is to show that hatred by staying out of it. Entering the League of Nations now is out of the question. That world civilization may be destroyed is no compelling reason to join the League, the World Court or any other international organization, because we can hardly save civilization by getting ourselves destroyed too. The League is subject to old-world animosities, the injustices of the Versailles Treaty, and the *status quo* set up by it; there is secret diplomacy and dealing of cards under the table. With conditions as they are today, we simply cannot work with the League of Nations.

To stay out of war we must do two things: first, maintain economic (sell to neither side), military and political neutrality; second, extend reciprocal trade treaties, encourage the breaking down of tariff barriers, promote international economic understandings, keep our soldiers at home. By an unselfish neutrality policy this nation may accomplish a great deal for the cause of peace.

Coöperation with Administrative Branch

Important in the big job to be done is the cooperation of the administrative branch with Congress. In the first four years this branch hardly got to know Congress or its members in either House —they stayed at their end of Pennsylvania Avenue and the legislative branch stayed at theirs; times were hectic and both were too busy. In the past four years the brain-trusters have been kicked around so much they are now about human—and the Congress will now be more tolerant. Hence, by coöperation and a little collaboration, the government can do a much better job.

Here now, we march on another four years. There is no reason why every branch of the government, the courts—and the Supreme Court—should not observe the change that has taken place in our lives, and not only discuss, but protect the general welfare provided in our Constitution, the American Constitution. Maury Maverick.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sherwood Anderson

A REVALUATION of Sherwood Anderson must necessarily take account of the extraordinary impact that he made upon American literature almost at his appearance. In spite of the crudity of his first novels the impression was general that an original and distinguished talent was to be reckoned with. This recognition extended to European critics, among whom M. Fay committed himself to the statement in the Revue de Paris: "I believe that Sherwood Anderson is one of the greatest writers of the contemporary world, and the best in America." This verdict may be accounted for by Anderson's possession, in truer balance than any other of his contemporaries, of three qualities marked by Maeterlinck as requisites for great literature: a sure touch upon the world of our senses; a profound intimation of the mystery that surrounds this island of our consciousness; and the literary technique comprehended in the term style.

I first met Sherwood Anderson in 1913 at Ernestine Evans' studio in Chicago, whither he came to read a manuscript. He was in house painter's clothes, and seemed the proletarian writer for whom we were already on the lookout. His writing suggested Dreiser. It was minutely naturalistic, but of anything beyond this present scene, anything of grace of style, I now recall no trace. Floyd Dell, then literary editor of The Chicago Post, who lent his august presence to the occasion, saw with his usual discernment the promise in this attempt, and, I understand, recommended "Windy McPherson's Son" to John Lane in London, where it was received as a genuine American document. This it undoubtedly is in its first part, its substance drawn from Anderson's early life in the Middle West, but as in more than one of his novels, the point at which realism gives way to badly conceived romance is easily marked. The same verdict falls upon Anderson's second novel, "Marching Men." In the latter, however, there is an imaginative effort to transcend the actual, to embody the significance of the great union, symbolized by the march of the toilers. Already Anderson was writing the poetry which appeared the next year in "Mid-American Chants," and infusing his prose with the soaring rhythms that carry his fiction at times into a realm in which realistic criticism is irrelevant.

"Winesburg, Ohio," in 1919, marks an important date in American literary history, and in itself profited by an obvious timeliness. It was the year after the War, and readers stupefied by tales of its abominations needed to be reassured that peace hath its horrors no less worthy of renown. D. H. Lawrence had discovered sex as a source of incongruity of character. Katherine Mansfield had developed after Chekhov the story in which nothing happens but a sudden moment of illumination and awareness. The stream-of-consciousness method was a recent invention. Edgar Lee Masters in "The Spoon River Anthology" had assembled a community of people whose confessions revealed the deep places of human experience hidden by their provincial lives.

In "Winesburg, Ohio" Anderson shows perfect command of the small-town stuff familiar to him from his youth. True, he protests:

> I myself remember with what a shock I heard people say that "Winesburg, Ohio" was an exact picture of Ohio village life. The book was written in a crowded tenement district of Chicago. The hint for almost every character was taken from my fellow lodgers in a crowded rooming house, many of whom had never lived in a village.

Nevertheless, they live there now. In the process of transference from the crowded rooming house into an environment which Anderson controlled so completely that the reader takes it for granted, they have assumed an actuality that is not dependent on realism. They move among the material furnishings of the world with the deftness and precision of sleep walkers. If Anderson had left them in their rooming house he might have written another "Pot-Bouille." Instead he has made a character sketch of the rotten little town which has become as much a part of the American scene as Gopher Prairie or Muncie, Indiana. As a literary form, a group of tales adding up to a unit greater than the sum of its parts, the book is a masterpiece. Mr. Cleveland B. Chase in his rather disparaging brochure on Anderson admits that it is "one of the most important products of the American literary renaissance, and has influenced writing in America more than any book published in the last decade."

"Winesburg, Ohio" represents the solution of the problem that Anderson consciously set himself. His own experience, unusually rich and varied, gave him his grip on the actual world in which he was to live so abundantly. He has borne testimony to this in his numerous autobiographical writings, but as an artist his aim was constantly to emerge from the chrysalis stage of realism into the winged career of imagination. "Imagination must feed upon reality or starve" is a sentence from his notes which in effect recurs again and again. Of the process of transubstantiation he has given explicit account in "A Story-Teller's Story." As a boy he listened to his father, a fantastic liar who had served in the Civil War and on the basis of that fact made himself the hero of a dozen campaigns to the delight of his audience. Sherwood inherited or learned the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

knack. "When I was a lad," he tells us, "I played with such fanciful scenes as other boys played with brightly colored marbles. From the beginning there have been, as opposed to my actual life, these grotesque fancies. Later, to be sure, I did acquire more or less skill in bringing them more and more closely into the world of the actual."

In so doing he worked at this relation of material to imagination, and the projection of fact into fiction. Humble and sordid realities, the trivia of observed phenomena, bring to him an emotion which is the essence of poetry. In "A Story-Teller's Story" he recalls such a moment of inspiration. Looking from a window, he sees a man in the next yard picking bugs off potato vines. The man's wife comes to the door, scolding. He has forgotten to bring home the sugar. A quarrel follows. And for Anderson his own life and interests, his business, and his waiting dinner are forgotten." A man and a woman in a garden have become the center of a universe about which it seemed to me I might think and feel in joy and wonder forever." It is in thus seizing on scraps of reality and projecting them beyond the small range controlled by the senses that Sherwood Anderson's imagination brings fiction to the enhancement of life, and enlarges his art beyond the limits of naturalism into expressionism. Not the fact, but the emotion with which the artist accepts it, is the essence of living.

"Winesburg, Ohio" is not only an instance of the evolution of a literary theory; it marks also Anderson's achievement of a craftsmanship which is an essential part of that theory. When, in his preface to "The Triumph of the Egg" he speaks of himself as a tailor, "weaving warm cloth out of the thread of thought" to clothe the tales which, born of experience and imagination, "are freezing on the doorstep of the house of my mind," he is using a figure that comes naturally to him. He was an artisan before he was an artist. His work as sign painter and mechanic gave him a sense of the relation of materials and tools. As a tailor of tales he finds excitement in pen or pencil and paper, thousands of sheets of it, waiting for his hand. The author's medium is words, which are to him what pigments are to the painter, or food stuffs to the cook. One of his happiest sketches is that of Gertrude Stein bustling genially about her kitchen choosing the ingredients of her pastry. From her, it may be conjectured, Anderson gained something of the assurance that words have qualities inherent in them other than meaning. "Words have color, smell; one may sometimes feel them with the fingers as one touches the cheek of a child." It is through words that the experience of men and women in the actual world is comunicated and shared.

For the communication of the immediate scene Sherwood Anderson has mastered his instrument. But, as he repeatedly asserts, mere realism is bad art. His peculiar quality resides in his intuition of something behind the scene, something "far more deeply interfused" whose dwelling is not for him "the light of setting suns" but rather "the heart of man." As Mr. Boynton remarks: "Anderson did not hit on this true note of his own until he reached the point where he became more interested in what was happening in the minds of his individuals than in what was going on outside their bodies." It is in states of consciousness which eventuate in moments when the unconscious wells up and overwhelms personality with a sense of completion in the larger unity of life that his creative power resides, and it is with such moments that his characteristic stories deal. A recurring theme in them is the effort of the character to break down the wall which confines the individual in isolation from this general life which he shares with his fellows. Sometimes this theme comes to explicit utterance, as in "The Man in the Brown Coat":

> I'll tell you what—sometimes the whole life of this world floats in a human face in my mind. The unconscious face of the world stops and stands still before me.
>
> Why do I not say a word out of myself to the others? Why, in all our life together, have I never been able to reach through the wall to my wife? Already I have written three hundred, four hundred thousand words. Are there no words that lead into life? Some day I shall speak to myself. Some day I shall make a testament unto myself.

Naturally in this pursuit of unity, in this breaking down of separateness, Anderson is much concerned with human relations and especially with sex. Through sex is maintained the great flow of the race of which each individual is but a drop. Sexual intercourse seems the most hopeful point of assault upon the wall which keeps each individual a prisoner. "The Egg," in his second series of tales, is concerned with a desperate effort of a broken man to preserve some sort of human relationship through the performance of a trick, but the title gives an ironical significance to the volume—"The Triumph of the Egg." Nearly all the stories are concerned with sex, from the boy's view of its mystery in "I Want to Know Why," to the tragedies of frustration in "Seeds," "Unlighted Lamps," "The Door of the Trap," "Out of Nowhere into Nothing." It is worth while to mention them, for each is a triumph, a witness to Anderson's mastery of the short-story form. The next series, "Horses and Men," continues the theme in "Unused." It also reflects a love of horses, which in adolescence passes the love of women.

Anderson's later novels bear an increasingly definite relation to the social scene. For him, the Middle West reveals on a large scale the restless striving, the frustration of unfulfilled purpose, which is so often the theme of individual life treated in his short stories. "Poor White" is an ambitious attempt in which, as in the earlier novels, a firmly realized conception tends to lose its way in cloudy romance. Hugh McVey is a boy in "a little hole of a town stuck on a mud bank on the western shore of the Mississisppi," where he follows his father

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

listlessly about, sweeping saloons, cleaning outhouses, or sleeping on the river bank with the smell of fish upon him, and the flies. A New England woman takes Hugh in hand and trains him, so that after her departure his awakened will forces him into sustained activity. He becomes an inventor, an industrial magnate. Like Sam McPherson and Beaut McGregor in "Marching Men" the hero loses identity, but throughout the mass of the book the symbolism is closely woven into the realism, as warp and woof.

Hugh McVey, the physically overgrown, almost idiotic boy, is the Middle West in the last decade of the century. When by sheer strength of will he harnesses his mind to problems of mechanical invention and solves them by a power he does not understand, he typifies the spirit of industrial pioneering in all its crude force. Sarah Shepherd with her school-mistressy formula, "Show them that you can do perfectly the task given you to do, and you will be given a chance at a larger task," is the spirit of New England brooding on the vast abyss of the Middle West and making it pregnant. Harley Parsons with his boast: "I have been with a Chinese woman, and an Italian, and with one from South America. I am going back and I am going to make a record. Before I get through I am going to be with a woman of every nationality on earth, that's what I'm going to do"—what is he but an ironic incarnation of our national destiny? Joe Wainsworth, the harness-maker who in his hatred of machinery or machine-made goods kills his assistant, is the ghost of the horse-and-buggy age attacking the present. Smokey Pete, the blacksmith who shouts to the fields the scandal he dares not utter on Main Street, is the spirit of American prophesy, a Jeremiah of Ohio. Anderson has made his story a sort of Pilgrim's Progress of the Middle-Western life he knows so well.

The best of Anderson's novels is undoubtedly "Dark Laughter." It is not only a good novel in structure and movement, but more subtly than "Poor White" or "Many Marriages" it is of that thoughtful quality which entitles it to rank among the novels of ideas. The two themes which are woven together are leading ones with Anderson—freedom through craftsmanship, and through love. The hero, Bruce Dudley, walks out of his home and his job as a reporter and finds work in an Ohio village in Grey's carriage factory. There he meets Sponge Martin, who teaches him how to paint carriage wheels and how to live. His philosophy is that of art as a guide to life:

> Perhaps if you got the thoughts and fancies organized a little, made them work through your body, made thoughts and fancies part of yourself—they might be used then, perhaps as Sponge Martin used a brush. You might lay them on something as Sponge Martin would lay varnish on it. Suppose about one man in a million got things organized a little. What would that mean? What would such a man be? Would he be a Napoleon? A Caesar?

Bruce meets Aline Grey, the wife of his employer, and with her steps forth on the road to freedom. Meanwhile the Negro world which surrounds them, in its dark laughter, sounds an ironic chorus.

In his later novels Anderson has shifted his scene to the South. There the process of industrialization, going on more ruthlessly, fills him with horror. Scenes in the cotton mills recur with a kind of obsession. Rather timidly he puts forward his social remedy in "Perhaps Women," the result of "a growing conviction that modern man is losing his ability to retain his manhood, in the face of the modern way of utilizing the machine, and that what hope there is for him lies in women." "Beyond Desire" is an expression of the two elements—sex and industry—but it can scarcely be maintained that any essential relation between them is established. "Kit Brandon" is an example of that "assisted autobiography" in which the author enters into the experience of another person, in this case a bootlegger whose career is not without social implications. In form it is evidence of Anderson's ability to enforce his claim, "I write as I like"—but the reader finds himself sighing for the lucid simplicity of Moll Flanders.

Recently Anderson put forth a brief statement in Story Magazine which emphasizes what is true of his writing at its best, that in its fact and its imaginative penetration beyond fact, it is a phase of his experience:

> I think that writing or painting or making music . . . is merely a tool a man can sometimes use to get at this business of living. . . . It is all wrapped up in this other thing . . . a man's relationships . . . his handling of relationships, his striving, if you will, for the good life. Relationships, I should say, with the world of nature too, development of the eyes, ears, nose, fingers. It is even, I think, concerned with the way you touch things with your fingers.

Some years ago Anderson forsook the "solemn and perhaps even asinine business, this being what is called great, doing immortal work, influencing the younger generation, etc.," and engaged in the humble business of editing a small-town newspaper—two, in fact, for there were two in town, one Democratic and one Republican. In playing the parts appropriate to the several stock characters in the newspaper play, society reporter, sports reporter, editorial writer, etc., he found abundant opportunities for cultivating relationships and leading the good life. Whether we get masterpieces from him or not, he has given an indication of the sincerity of his profession that art is a part of experience, not something added thereto, and that an artist may be too interested in life to care overmuch about success in it. ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

This is the seventh of a series of literary revaluations. The next will appear in an early issue.—THE EDITORS.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Year of the C.I.O.

JOHN L. LEWIS sat at the end of a long table, the press facing him. The room was in the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee headquarters, thirty-six floors up, overlooking Pittsburgh's golden triangle. He leaned forward and with vigor analyzed the 10-percent raise the steel companies had just offered their employees.

The joint conference of the C.I.O. and the S.W.O.C., held November 7 and 8, occurred after a double victory for the steel workers: the overwhelming vote for Roosevelt in the steel towns and the 10-percent raise. It was the latter that was under discussion. While raises are general throughout the industry, the United States Steel Corporation has tied its increase to the cost-of-living index to be enforced for a year. Its agreement explains:

> If, during the year, the cost-of-living index should rise to 94.7 (5 percent), then a further 5-percent increase in wage levels will be made.
>
> If, however, the index, having reached 90.2, should decline to 85.7, there would automatically be made a general wage decrease of 5 percent from the levels established as of November 16.

Lewis pounded this provision, saying:

"It binds the steel workers to the wheels of economic circumstances, and creates a subnormal class. If the worker pays $30 a month for house rent, and rents advance, eventually he will get enough to pay the increase. . . . But it commits him to live in the same house continuously, and does not permit him to rise in his circumstances.

"The wage increase," he added, "isn't a bad compliment to the C.I.O. Just a few months of organizing, and the expenditure of a relatively small sum, has brought to the steel workers a wage increase. This shows that it is a good insurance policy with further premiums in prospect." He also pointed out that the 10-percent increase was in reality but a 4-percent increase, since the cost of living has risen 6 percent. "The workers won't be satisfied with this," he predicted. They haven't been. Already from different parts of the country, demands for a more satisfactory wage increase have been heard.

It was at this meeting that a telegram was given out signifying that Mr. Lewis was ready to meet Mr. Green to discuss the differences between the C.I.O. and the Executive Committee.

To this Mr. Green replied he was not empowered to alter the Executive Committee's proposal of a subcommittee. After a decent interval to allow for the burial of the always phony and now somewhat shopworn bird of peace which had been flapping its mechanical way around the labor horizon, a telegram was sent to William Green which stated that under the circumstances the conference would be futile. It said further:

> We hold that the suspension of the ten national and international unions by the Executive Council under your leadership was an intemperate and violent assault upon every principle of fair relationship and in precise violation of the laws of your Federation. We hold that our program of organizing the workers of the mass-production industries into the industrial type of organization for which they clamor cannot be compromised.
>
> When the American Federation of Labor decides to reverse and rectify its outrageous act of suspension and is ready to concede the right of complete industrial organizations to live and grow in the unorganized industries it will be time to discuss and arrange the details of a reëstablished relationship.

This telegram was sent with the unanimous approval of the C.I.O., Dubinsky alone not voting.

With this for its epitaph, the decoy dove was laid to rest, but not until it had performed its mission of obscuring the issues in the mind of the public and also to a certain extent in the minds of the workers, by giving an illusion that a basis for peace was possible before the suspension of the C.I.O. unions had been lifted.

This joint meeting of the C.I.O. and S.W.O.C. was held almost exactly a year to a day after the formation of the C.I.O. The C.I.O. can look back with satisfaction on its record. A year ago, practically no effort had been made by the A.F. of L. to organize within its unions the automobile workers, or those of rubber, steel, radio, gas and coke, aluminum, cement and flour milling.

The steel workers, who under the N.R.A. had increased their union membership to 100,000, had now only a few thousand in the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers. Confusion reigned among the automobile workers. Workers in three organizations, with tens of thousands of members, refused to enter the A.F. of L. under the charters granted by this organization. The plea of three of the delegates representing the United Automobile Workers to change the situation was voted down at the Atlantic City convention last year. The whole union movement in autos, at one time so promising, seemed about to disintegrate.

Radio locals had also been rebuffed at the Atlantic City convention in their new plea for a charter. The situation in the rubber industry was even worse. The promising movement of 1934 had been almost ruined by the unworkable segregation of workers in a mass industry into craft unions.

While the craft groups split up the new unions in the name of their jurisdictional rights, they were at the same time invading the chartered fields of the A.F. of L. and the internationals. The notorious raid of the Teamsters' Union upon the Brewery Workers is a case in point. All the gains made under the N.R.A. were being lost, organization in the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mass industries was at a standstill, when the C.I.O. came on the scene.

A year ago the C.I.O. was formed. In the field of automobiles, from the first it was besieged with requests for aid from locals of the United Automobile Workers. The C.I.O. organizers emphasized the need of unity among the four competing organizations. Since the convention of the United Automobile Workers, where for the first time they elected their own officers, their membership has almost doubled and they have achieved unity with the other organizations. In rubber, with the help of the C.I.O., the workers were victorious in their strike against the great Goodyear plant. In Gadsden, Alabama, and Cumberland, Maryland, there were other victories; during the year the United Rubber Workers increased their membership tenfold.

Two new industries have recently joined the C.I.O., the United Electrical and Radio Workers of America, with a membership of 33,000, and the Industrial Union of Marine and Shipyard Workers of America, with a membership of 10,000. Both of these unions had been refused charters by the A.F. of L. because of jurisdictional difficulties. In steel, Phillip Murray reports a membership of 82,000.

Today the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee and the C.I.O. were meeting to consider the further policies of the campaign. The time had come for a more intensive drive. As I met friends from different parts of the country, everywhere I heard hopeful reports. An extraordinary thing had happened since the election; nearly 7,000 people had poured into the unions. From Homestead, the most difficult and backward of all the steel towns, the organizer reported: "We have never had so many people in the office as in the last few days." When the S.W.O.C. meeting was held in August, all the organization in Birmingham was underground. Now there are several lodges in the open and more applying for charters. Wherever one looked, the reports were the same.

How they felt about organization, the steel workers had told by their votes. Every vote for Roosevelt is a vote for organization. There is not one of the seventy-four steel towns that did not give an overwhelming majority to President Roosevelt. Aliquippa, the home of Jones and Laughlin, voted 6,145 to 2,970. In the Seventeenth Ward, the Jones and Laughlin ward in Pittsburgh, 5,870 voted for Roosevelt, with 925 against. Homestead voted four to one for the President. In Weirton, West Virginia, where recently company thugs openly attacked and beat steel organizers, the constable's election was won by Steve Barron, organizer of the S.W.O.C.

Labor certainly captured the steel towns for the President. The swift rise of union membership reflects the feeling of "We did it at the polls, we will do it at the mills." There is a stirring among the unorganized workers of the mass industries such as has never been known. Without benefit of the A.F. of L., a vital new movement is under way.

MARY HEATON VORSE.

Let My People Go

THE VIRTUALLY unanimous satisfaction with which President Roosevelt's reëlection was received abroad must convince the Republicans that their worst fears were justified. Since 1919 it has been one of the cardinal dogmas of the Grand Old Party that whatever suits the foreigner is wrong; and foreign approval of the outcome of the election must accordingly portend the early collapse of this republic. However that may be, one foreign country must regard the reëlection of Roosevelt with consternation. That country is Canada.

Quite a number of my acquaintances have told me, since the election, that there is nothing left but to move to Canada. My acquaintance is not extraordinarily large; and provided that it is a scientific sampling, an accurate cross section of the electorate (something of which nobody can be too sure, any more), what I have lately heard must indicate that about five million people are going to move to Canada as soon as they can collect outstanding bills and get rid of their leases. Let them go, you say, and good riddance? Well, there is something to be said on both sides of that question. There was once a Pharaoh who was implored to let God's chosen people go; he refused, and the refusal brought so much trouble down on him that eventually he had to pay them a bonus to get out of the country.

On the other hand, it seems generally agreed that France lost a good deal by the forced emigration of the Huguenots, and that present-day Germany is going to lose a good deal by the emigration of Jews and liberals; there were even, heretical as this may seem to the left-wing brethren, a good many White Russian refugees who were a considerable loss to their country. But the citizens who now threaten to shake the dust of this debased republic from their feet and move across the northern frontier are on a somewhat different footing. Nobody is running them out; they are not threatened with the loss of life, liberty, or the right to pursue happiness—unless they can't be happy except when they are promoting utility holding companies. They will go, if they do, for one of two reasons—either because they believed all the campaign arguments of Republican orators, or because they refuse to play unless their side can always win. Either way, we could get along without them.

But the doctrine of the good neighbor requires that we should pause and consider what this will mean to Canada. Canada wants more population, but it is hardly prepared to take care this winter of as many immigrants as have firmly announced their intention of moving to Canada. Yet Canada could hardly refuse to take them in; a nation that owes so much to the emigrant Tories of 1783 would no longer be a haven for the oppressed if it denied asylum to the tories of 1936. In the eighteenth century, however, most of Canada was a virgin wilderness, where refugees who were willing to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

work could go out and build an empire. There are still wilderness regions in Canada, but our fellow citizens who threaten to move there hardly seem the type to build a log cabin in the virgin forest.

Refugees from the Union League Club, however vigorously they may applaud campaign speakers who praise the pioneer, would rather see than be one. In the gold fields of the Canadian North there is room for private initiative and rugged individualism; but even there, one hears, the Mounted Police look you over to see if you know something about your business, if you are able to take care of yourself in the wilds, if you have enough money to guarantee that you will not be a public charge.

Mass migrations are unfortunately an old story in our times, and they are not a pretty thing to see. Nobody who observed, for instance, the Russian refugees in Constantinople in 1921 can be altogether happy when he hears his friends talk about moving to Canada. He pictures former members of the Bankers' Club selling matches on a Montreal curbstone, but it would hardly be as bad as all that; devoted to principle as are those who talk of emigrating, I cannot quite believe that any of them will really go if he figures it will cost him money.

Offhand, it looks as if it would not; income taxes are lower in Canada. The government, one reads, collects almost as much tax money per capita as does ours; but when you are figuring per capita everything depends on whose capita are hit, and apparently Canada gets a much larger percent of its revenue from sales taxes. The debt, however, is almost as high as ours in proportion to population; and there is one further fact which our emigrants seem to overlook—Canada is not an island. For three thousand miles it is contiguous with the republic which the tories propose to desert; four or five billions of American money is invested in Canada, and a good many hundreds of millions of Canadian money in the United States. Refugees are going to find that in the new home they may have more frequent need of overshoes and long underwear, but that the business of watching the stock ticker will be about the same as in the old country.

And so, like any Chosen People, they are likely to start murmuring before long against their god who snatched them away from the fleshpots and transported them to this promised land which somehow falls a little short of being the earthly paradise. Or perhaps not against their god; if they did that, it might be good for them, but they are in the habit of blaming the government for everything that goes wrong, and it will be strange if they can break that habit in a new country. So you can hardly expect the Canadians to contemplate this prospective wave of immigration with unmixed delight; before long, Montreal and Toronto will have their Union Squares, and it takes no great imagination to see Canadian political speakers, about 1948, telling the discontented that if they don't like it here they had better go back to Wall Street where they came from.

ELMER DAVIS.

"Mother of Exiles"

THE United States Army controls Bedloe's Island, all but the star-shaped base of the Statue of Liberty itself, and the United States Army was standing around all dressed up that day, the occasion of the Statue's fiftieth birthday. The base of the Statue is a thick stone wall, perhaps twenty feet high, filled in with earth; and from this the pedestal itself rises. That day all the company flags, the newsreel cameras and other equipment, were up on this base, facing out at the speakers' stand. Before the President arrived there was the reading of the prize poem in a nationwide contest ("Gosh, old girl, you look pretty good to me!"). Then there were the presentations of the essay awards to a young lady from Pueblo, Colorado. All these were mixed up with the broadcast from a plane circling around the island:

". . . a perfectly glorious sight, this water-parade to greet the President on Miss Liberty's fiftieth anniversary. There goes the salute from the 'Indianapolis'—the first of the guns booming out across the water. The President is passing now and the navy salutes him. . . ."

The crowd stops listening to the amplifier and turns to watch the harbor. No doubt it is thinking of Thomas Jefferson's remarks about the particular liberty to which this statue is dedicated, the freedom of asylum: "Shall we refuse the unhappy fugitive from distress that hospitality which the savages of the wilderness extended to our forefathers arriving in this land?" *(Friedrich Beyerbach, a refugee from Germany, entered the United States as a stowaway on the S.S. "Leviathan," August 6, 1934. He was returned to Germany October 10 of that year.)*

Or perhaps it is thinking of the remark of George Washington on the same subject: ". . . to render this country more and more a safe and propitious asylum for the unfortunate of other countries." *(Alfred Miller, Joseph Ganghofer, Hans Dittman, German anti-Nazis, have been arrested and face deportation. Miller, a quota immigrant, became editor of a progressive farm paper in Montana in February, 1934, and campaigned for relief.)*

The crowd finds out that it can't see Roosevelt on the ferryboat, and the salute is over, so it settles back in its seats. Bishop Manning intones an invocation. Just as he gets well under way the rows of soldiers along the little gravel road come to attention and present arms to a line of limousines. About the fifth car is an open one with the President in it, just exactly, as the woman with the Landon button next to me says, like his pictures. Then the dust blows up in her face, and the Lord's Prayer continues in a monotone, having killed most of the applause.

Occasionally as speakers mention the Statue itself some of the crowd will look up at the huge green lady standing above them, and then back to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the speaker, as if they had not known this meant as much in world history as he says it does. There is a lot of history in the speeches.

There is not, though, much history that has to do with Joseph Pulitzer, who came here as a penniless immigrant himself and rose to be editor of a great paper. Pulitzer, storming and sweating in his office, browbeat the American people into putting up the $100,000 for the pedestal so that the Statue could be erected. And when these people turn to look up at the statue they can't see the inscription on the base:

> Give me your tired, your poor,
> Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
> The wretched refuse of your teeming shore,
> Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed, to me;
> I lift my lamp beside the golden door.

When Roosevelt speaks at last they all listen, and his sure voice doesn't let them down. He talks about the stream of immigration that built the country, the freedom that the immigrants found, and mentions too that "with this present generation that stream from abroad has largely stopped." The rest is hope, symbols, faith, concerning liberty.

If he had wanted to talk about the right of political asylum he might have mentioned as an achievement of his administration the Palmisano Bill, passed in 1934, granting preferential treatment to Tsarist Russians, which made their presence in this country legal and contained provisions for granting them citizenship.

That same year Otto Richter, who had been forced to flee from Germany after the Reichstag Fire, when Storm Troopers beat him in an attempt to make him confess complicity in the fire, was arrested for deportation in San Francisco during the general strike.

When Roosevelt has finished many people get up and walk about the Island, having no way to go back to Manhattan, but not being particularly interested in the speech of President Lebrun, which comes from Paris to boom out of the amplifiers at the base of the Statue, a miracle of modern science.

Or perhaps they are not wandering from boredom, but from worrying about Vincent Ferrero and Dominick Sallitto, who entered this country legally thirty and fifteen years ago, respectively. They owned a little restaurant in Oakland, California, and on the night of April 11, 1934, they were jailed and ordered deported to Italy, their chief crime being that they had rented office space to the editor of an anarchist paper. It hasn't yet been proved that they are anarchists, but they are certainly anti-fascists, and will no doubt suffer accordingly if they land in Italy, which has special laws to cover such situations.

It says in The World Almanac that "The Statue of Liberty was scrubbed in 1934 until it looked bright and cheerful. It had begun to appear dingy."

No wonder.

JAMES BENÉT.

Yes-Man's Land

TOWARD the end of the week J. T. Riland, editor of that sound Republican organ, The Woppingtonian, dropped into Durkin's news and tobacco shop to let Elmer have his biennial gloat. Back in the happy twenties the journalist had enjoyed these post-election services, but today he came only from a high sense of duty, as one who rolls a peanut down Main Street with his nose.

The newsdealer spread his hands on the counter and strove to please.

"What can I do for you, J.T.? I have some back numbers of The Literary Digest you might get a kick out of."

"Go ahead, Elmer. All I ask is that you do not mention our eight electoral votes. It was bad enough, but we were not licked sixty-five to one."

"I go for that, too. Our sacred Constitution needs another patch on the seat of its pants so the bad guessers can get a better break. The fact remains that the New Dealer pulled over 26,000,000 okays. The U.S. of A. turns out to be a yes-man's land."

"Were you surprised, Elmer?"

"Well, it was a pipe F.D. would breeze, but I figured his edge would be cut down instead of stepped up. I thought the G.O.P. would rise from a horizontal to a sitting posture. Now look at it! They haven't got enough Governors left to throw a bridge game and their Congressmen are sunk to an all-time low. Boy! Those Republican Senators could hold a caucus in the elevator!"

"It was a great personal victory for Roosevelt. I hope he uses his power wisely." Mr. Riland was quoting from his own editorial.

"Here, too, but what can you say to a guy that catches Kansas dust farmers and Pennsylvania coal diggers, Johnny Rebs and Northern Negroes, class-conscious New York suit founders and Glass-conscious Virginians all in the same net? He took everything they tossed at him, the American way of life, the squawks of the Libby Leaguers, the race-hate peddlers, about three-fourths of the newspapers, Al Smith and his forty jittery Jeffersonians and Hearst's Red smear and rubbed their beezers in it. From now on this bird isn't asking us, he's telling us.

"We can see where F.D. would have won anyhow but the opposish came across with enough boners to sink the 'Queen Mary.' The dirt is that the G.H.Q. started off with the idea that they couldn't expect to chisel into the White House this year. They would establish a position, dig in, knock off as many Congressmen as possible and get set for 1940. That would not have been so dumb but something happened to the program.

"At Cleveland they got soused on their own noises and began to think they had a look-in. Pretty soon they saw Al Smith building a fire on one side of the New Deal and the Coughlin rowdies on the other and they kidded themselves that His Excellency was due to lose both wings and his tail-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

feathers. The Digest poll and the Maine election put ideas into Hamilton's pretty little head and he sold Alfred on the hunch that he had a chance.

"Anyhow Landon suddenly junked his principles, if any, and went out to snag the voters by hook or crook. At Des Moines he promised the farmers the key to the Treasury, and his economy program, the best thing he had in the works, was gone with the wind. Up Minnesota way he found some customers grousing about Canadian cheese, so he cracked down on the Hull treaties and bang went all his talk about building up foreign trade. That's the way he went all through—anything to earn an honest voter. In some spots he played ball with the Coughlinites and he beat it clear out to L.A. to see if he could hook him a mess of loose Townsenders. The sound-dollar boy was making passes at the goofiest inflationists we have in the place."

Elmer now paid his disrespects to the fraudulent attack upon the social-security law.

"I am not proud of that trick," said the editor, "but I don't think we should blame it on Landon."

"He strung along with it, anyhow. He said at Philly that the security thing must not be made to pay its own way but should be met with a sales tax or something. The guy that started out to abolish taxes ended up by wishing a new one on us.

"I tuned in on Alfred's bedtime story the night before the dam busted, hoping he'd do a little summing-upping and what did I get a load of? The covered wagon! Somewhere Alf picked up the idea that this election was all about the hardy pioneer and his girl Susanna. I guess the Kansas City slickers thought he could wow the hicks with this Western. This crowd moved out to the gee-haw spaces last June to corral the corn belters, but all they saved out of the wreck last chooseday was Maine and Vermont."

"And a slightly withered sunflower," said the publisher sadly.

"Which looks lovely on the Gruesome Old Party's chest."

"Don't be too sure it's dead, Elmer."

"I know. You never hear me preach any sermons over its carcass because I remember the comeback after 1912. But here's something I'd jitter about if I were you. Ever since 1920, when the co-eds joined up, your outfit has pulled around sixteen million votes, not counting 1928 when you got a flock of outside help. Landon didn't collect many more tickets than Harding did, but the Demmies have practically multiplied their take by three. Your Republication is not getting any new subscribers to take the place of those who have gone to Heaven."

"There is a faint element of truth in what you say." The publisher had all the gloom he needed and was prepared to depart. "Anyhow Tuesday was a bad day for Coughlinism, socialism and communism. Some comfort in that."

"Right you are, J.T. All the isms took it on the chin—including journalism."

FELIX RAY.

Washington Notes

Labor Faces the Supreme Court—John L. Lewis' Plan—World Trade as the Chief Issue at Buenos Aires

IN SEVERAL interviews since the election, Mr. Roosevelt has shown an apparent wish to duck the Supreme Court issue. It is possible that the Court itself, in the coming months, may show greater friendliness toward New Deal legislation. Justices McReynolds, Vandevanter and Sutherland, it is true, seem beyond hope. But the three other conservatives—Chief Justice Hughes and Justices Butler and Roberts—are practical men, and it would not be surprising to find them taking extra-judicial cognizance of the November 3 landslide.

It is thus barely possible that the Supreme Court issue will not arise in an acute form. But the leaders of the organized workers believe that it will, and they are prepared for a showdown. Their present calm willingness to face up to the Supreme Court seems to me the most significant development since the election. A few days ago, Labor, organ of the railroad brotherhoods, published an editorial that declared: "They [the voters] know how to deal with judicial reactionaries, should that become necessary. For America is on the march, and he who gets in front of the procession is likely to be run over."

This is something relatively new in the labor movement. For years labor has criticized individual Justices, and fought their confirmation by the Senate, but it has usually been careful to make clear that it had the greatest respect for the judicial system. Now the Supreme Court—or at least its conservative majority—is recognized as the open enemy of labor, against which labor is entitled to take measures of defense. If the Supreme Court, in the next few weeks, overthrows the National Labor Relations Board, labor is likely to demand that Congress curb its powers.

This new boldness on the part of labor leaders is, of course, to be welcomed. But, by itself, it is not enough. There is a great need for the various factions of the labor movement to agree on a concrete program of action. At present, in common with Democratic politicians, many labor leaders are inclined to favor increasing the number of Supreme Court Justices and packing the Court with New Dealers. Another plan calls for a constitutional amendment that will explicitly bestow on Congress the power to legislate on hours, wages and collective bargaining. This method was endorsed last week by the convention of the International Ladies' Garment Workers.

A third proposal has been suggested by Mr. John L. Lewis. He plans to submit a fresh version of the Guffey coal bill to the next session of Congress, which will include a clause giving it immunity from judicial review. A number of competent lawyers believe that such a clause would be constitutional. But if it should be invalidated by the Supreme Court, the psychological ground would be laid for a demand for a constitutional amendment empowering Congress to grant immunity from judicial review to whatever legislation it wished.

To me, a non-lawyer, the program suggested by Mr. Lewis seems by far the most desirable. The plan to pack

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Supreme Court will do nothing toward making the Court accountable for its decisions, and the irresponsibility of the Court, as much as its conservatism, is what labor has to fear. The second proposal—a specific constitutional amendment covering wages, hours and collective bargaining—would be subject to the Court's interpretation and would be in constant danger of being nullified by a temporary majority of the Court. Mr. Lewis' plan would ultimately transfer the supreme constitutional authority to Congress, a popularly elected body. Every genuine step toward democratic control, it seems to me, can be counted on to work to labor's long-term advantage.

Since March, 1933, a number of British Labor Party leaders have visited Washington. Without exception, they have said that the Supreme Court represented the stiffest obstacle that the American labor movement had to surmount. Fundamentally, they have pointed out, it is the same problem that the British Laborites face in the House of Lords, another irresponsible, essentially reactionary, upper chamber with power to delay indefinitely the carrying out of the popular will. The British labor leaders have then gone on to point out that, a full quarter-century ago, Mr. Lloyd George led the English masses in a great assault on the House of Lords. If Mr. Lloyd George had had sufficient hardihood, the House of Lords might have been stripped of its power then and there. Instead, a compromise was patched up. Now the British labor leaders say that the next time the Labor Party takes office, it will immediately have to enter on a long, exhausting, dangerous constitutional struggle, during which its constructive program must be held in abeyance. The way to treat the problem of the Supreme Court or the House of Lords, the Britishers say, is to strike quickly and hard, and get the job over with.

The meeting of farm leaders here, ten days ago, bubbled with enmity for the Supreme Court. There seems to be real hope that organized labor and the organized farmers can coöperate on the Supreme Court issue. What is necessary is a specific plan that can be presented to the coming session of Congress. The formulation of such a plan is the most important task now before left-wing leadership.

Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hull have both declared that the Buenos Aires peace conference is to be a model for the world. Presumably, then, existing and proposed Pan American treaties embody the administration's ideas on international policy. It is clear, moreover, that Mr. Hull, at least, regards the Pan American conciliation and arbitration treaties, and the proposed Buenos Aires neutrality convention, as of less importance than the various Pan American trade treaties, which are to be reviewed and supplemented during the conference. Mr. Hull has repeatedly declared that economic disputes are the real cause of war, and that peace can only be achieved by their solution. Mr. Hull is taking with him to Buenos Aires an exceptional number of economic advisers and problems of trade are expected to occupy his chief attention.

This passion for economic peace on Mr. Hull's part is likely to be an extraordinarily important factor in Mr. Roosevelt's second administration. Before twelve months are out, the United States is likely to be up to its chin in problems of world trade and finance. Currency stabilization, war debts, foreign lending and multilateral tariff reduction are all questions that will press for solution. A new world economic conference is already being tentatively discussed. These possibilities will give Mr. Hull's statements and acts at Buenos Aires a worldwide importance and ensure them anxious study by European governments.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

The Times Are Out of Joint for Racketeers—Pity the Poor Promoter—Mussolini and the Economic Royalists

CURSES! but things have gone to pot in this regimented world of departed liberties. Time was when a man might cut himself a slice of bonus stock and none to say him nay. But now every corporation, it seems, is to be equipped with keyholes for peeking S.E.C.-men and transoms for government agents to hear through. And a promoter may not have so much as a pinch of Class A stock or even B stock or a few founders' shares without having it spread all over the papers, letting every prospective sucker know in advance what he is *not* getting for his money.

Which brings us to the National Invested Savings Corporation and the Washington General Life Insurance Company. Here is a precious little insurance company born with its own little holding company as a sort of twin.

An insurance company is a corporation set up with a recognized function. It is to insure people against risks. The Washington General was to insure them against the risks of death, ill health and accident. Such a corporation, you might suppose, would be exempt from the finagling and shenanigans that are a cherished part of our great American corporation racket. If there is to be such a corporation, why not a simple one, with common stock let us say and, if necessary, one kind of bond or one kind of preferred stock? The gentlemen—and ladies—starting such a venture might be expected to pay for their stock in cash and get a moderate return from their investment. Why, one may ask, should a civilized government permit anyone to clutter up a life-insurance corporation, in these parlous times particularly, with all sorts of corporate monkeyshines?

Well, here is the way this outfit was set up. First the Washington General Life Insurance was organized and some financing was done. But immediately the National Invested Savings Corporation was formed to buy and own the stock of the insurance company. Why? Why must there be two corporations? What public purpose is to be served by that? In any event, two corporations there were to be. One was to run an insurance business and the other was to own the insurance company. And at the head of the holding company—hark! from the tomb a hollow sound—was to be that great and good statesman from the Hoosier heaven, the Honorable James E. Watson.

This holding company was to raise the money. It was to issue preferred shares, Class A common and Class B common. The preferred shares were to be sold for $10 a share—and to each and every purchaser of one preferred share we are passing out today absolutely without cost and with the compliments of the management twenty shares of Class A common and forty shares of Class B common. Pretty

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

swell for an insurance holding company. Then the directors were to receive modest bonuses of 500 shares each of Class A and Class B stock for their year's work. Other largesses of Class A and Class B shares were handed around.

However, even these generous endowments did not seem satisfactory. For some reason the plan was changed. Maybe it looked a little fishy. So a new plan was set up and filed with the S.E.C. Under this amendment the preferred shares were to be sold for $10 and the Class B for 10 cents a share. Each purchaser was to receive one preferred share and five Class B shares for $11.

I do not know the reason, but somehow the splendid adventure ran afoul of the S.E.C. The S.E.C. asked questions. Some of the directors were summoned. They were asked questions. Do you know about this business? Yes, to some extent. Are you a director? I was, I suppose I still am. Were you elected a director? I suppose so, I am not sure. Did you serve? No. Did you attend meetings? No. There were a number of persons—lame ducks and former bureau chiefs—on the board; names, I imagine, loaned for the purpose. But, looking it all over, the S.E.C. said—No! It used its power under the Securities Act—an excellent act—and stopped the twins at the threshold of the world.

Which leads to my questions. Is there to be no more freedom? Is the promoter, our most glorious invention, to be hamstrung and red-taped out of existence? Are the Class A stockers and the Class B stockers and the bonus shareholders to be checked and hampered in this way? If so, who will start insurance companies? Who will build our cities, our power plants, our railroads, our civilization?

There is another set of questions. Why should Congress permit in the District, and why should any state permit, an insurance company to be organized in this way? These kinds of corporations should be exempt from these corporate manipulations. Why should an insurance company be owned by a holding company? In fact why should a bank or a savings bank or an investment trust be owned by a holding company? There is, of course, only one reason. It is to permit promoters to play with such institutions. We had a glorious opportunity in 1933 to deal with these boys and their cute little toys and we muffed it. It might be an excellent idea to do so now before the "coming boom" gets under way and develops another set of callouses on our national conscience.

While we bemoan the loss of our liberties and while economic royalists mutter among themselves about the galling chains of the New Deal, let us hear from one of the mutterers. Mr. Myron C. Taylor was a busy New Dealer, after a fashion, in 1933 and 1934. Then the N.R.A. was flourishing. The American Iron and Steel Institute had been presented with a blank check to regiment the steel industry. And Brother Taylor, head of the Steel Corporation, was down in Washington with headquarters in the Department of Commerce pushing along the regimentation. Now Brother Taylor addresses the Italian Ambassador and tells him that the world has been forced to admire the success of Premier Mussolini "in disciplining the nation." There sat George F. Baker, Thomas Lamont, Henry Rogers Winthrop, Paul D. Cravath and other royalists. It is not recorded that they started a riot in protest of Mr. Taylor's heresy.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

Hail But Dead End

HAVING gone up to see "The Thin Man" once again before Metro called it in to clear the way for the sequel, I can report that in spite of a tattered print this is still an ace picture, beautifully timed and executed, shrewdly invested in character, and with its conflict, meanings and sentiments seeming to have been photographed in a bowl of light, so easy and lucid is all its motion. But the reason for looking it up now is that in the two and a half years since its release this picture has been playing around almost steadily, has somehow been more in the public eye than other films just as good, and has become a myth.

So I am afraid that when Metro comes along with its new "After the Thin Man," figuring that you can take a list of the same key names, dial them out like a telephone number and have immortality on the wire, people are going to be disappointed. Not only because there is no formula by which a true natural can be duplicated, but because "The Thin Man" itself has already passed out of flawed reality into the awe and perfection of legend.

But before they put it in mothballs for good, a few remarks on this picture might be read into the record. In the first place, it is the best of its type but the type has limitations. I have just read the book for the first time and find that Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich did a wonderful job of reshaping the story, softening it up considerably but humanizing it even more, giving a local habitation, etc.—in fact, their treatment, with its inserts of gayety and underlineation of dramatic points, definitely overshadows the original source. Nevertheless they had to deal with the problem of all detective novels: the need at the end to unravel for the audience all the strands of plot they have been weaving together with such care for the audience's mystification all along. And so there is a banquet scene in which all the motives and the culprit have to be revealed, and in a hurry, to the inevitable detriment of plausible human values and straight logic. It should go without saying that if so many emotional lives are to arrive at a simultaneous crisis believably, the whole story must lead up to such a climax, not around and away from it.

But while it is also true that stories depending for success on a surprise twist at the end must forfeit, when the end is already known, the long-term values of a second reading (thus daisies and reviewers of murder-mysteries won't tell), "The Thin Man" is still good, seen for the second or third time. It is not only a handsome piece of craftsmanship, it has appeal and a cocky good humor. Recall Miss Loy's grand entrance, Christmas morning on the air-rifle range, the life and doings of Asta the terrier, and that expansive party, packed with types and droll situations and lines—*e. g.*, the conference in the bathroom ("That's all right, we're only chatting"), William Powell saying why nonsense he used to bounce her on his knee and the lush following him around with happy hope, "Which one, can I touch it?" And the predominant sentiment, being the tanned leather of an equable married life rather than the friskier calf of boy-chases-girl, was a fine and refreshing change.

Yet from being tender and being gay the film was never permitted to go soft or forget that it was a pretty tough case, with murders and stool pigeons, the law working its victims over and Edward Brophy giving off that classic

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

address: "That'd be very smart. . . . Me that a police captain's been in a hospital three weeks on account we had an argument. The boys would *like* me to come in and ask 'em questions. Yuh. They'd like it right down to the end of their blackjacks." Add the fearful visit to Wynant's shop, Wynant with his hawk face rising in the elevator, and his shadow, as the Thin Man, projecting all across the picture. So there was the drama and the fun too, one being the flesh, the other the hard necessary bone, neither conflicting. All in all it was a miracle of coördinated talents—writing, casting, acting, W. S. Van Dyke's direction and the staff men under him, on cameras and in the recording and cutting rooms, who assisted in catching the spirit of every scene, from cocktails and jazz pianos to gunfire.

It was a miracle but also a dead end: it can hardly be bettered and there is no constructive use in imitating it. In the way of light pictures, the best body of work so far (outside of Chaplin and Capra and such unclassifiables as "Sing and Like It," "The Milky Way") is the Paramount comedy cycle. I mean the MacMurray-Colbert-Lombard type of pictures, which hit the top two years ago in Wesley Ruggles' "Gilded Lily." The line has since gone to seed—"Hands Across the Table" (next best), "The Bride Comes Home," "The Princess Comes Across," etc.—but is potentially good stock and surely worth more deliberate care than something which has reached its limit.

"Libeled Lady" is Metro's best and latest entry in this field, a frothy thing like all the rest, with touches of feeling, little stagnation and considerable laughter. The plot is one of the chestnuts of romance: William Powell and Myrna Loy are really meant for each other but are slower in finding it out than the audience, because he is the fixer for a metropolitan paper, trying to frame her into dropping a libel suit that runs to millions. Spencer Tracy is the managing editor, Walter Connolly is the millionaire father, Jean Harlow is the bride who never quite gets married, a little stormier than her part but none the less doing valiantly on the barricades, or should it be breastworks?

The situations step right along, first with fireworks between Powell and Tracy, next between Powell and Loy, and finally among all five principals. There is a tendency to work out one incident at a time for its own sake, but everything hangs together nicely and we all leave the theatre in a fine humor, feeling that newspaper men and rich daughters may be pretty tough nuts, but love is the thing that will crack them—and if the same is not demonstrable by facts, who cares? Also everybody is telling everybody else, Did you get the part where he was saying, Why, don't you worry about *him,* he's just like my brother, and Jean Harlow came back at him, Maybe so, but he's not *my* brother; and what was this she said to the taxi driver when he told her I can go faster lady but the cab can't, and a dozen others—the snapper-answer method here prevailing over sustained flights of dialogue. It is too long for its story, holding off with needless complications and then resolving too glibly; and it is a bit mean to some of its characters. But it moves and sparkles, has some good-natured swipes at things and may be remembered with some affection. Given the genius spent on "The Thin Man" it might still be no more stunning; but given more it should be better and—because it runs in a straighter channel to start with—true comedy.

The term comedy applies to Paul Czinner's "As You Like It" only by courtesy. Laurence Olivier is good, against odds; Miss Bergner has lost charm and could never be Rosalind anyway; Leon Quartermaine's Jacques isn't given a chance, yet a weird music-hall Touchstone is all over the place. The sets are few but overambitious, and it is nonsense to talk of the straight simplicity of anything with this absurd wrestling spectacle, these close-ups of carvings and scrolls on half the vegetable life of Arden, the incessant romp and giggling idyll of the girls, etc. At moments the poetry stands clear in all its old wonder and beauty; and in a way the treatment is appropriate. But good lord, this was hackwork in its dead day; approached now with literal humorlessness (such inner comedy as the lines still convey being forsaken for outward capers), it runs off without a laugh in the house.

OTIS FERGUSON.

The Bandwagon

CARRYING A SIMPLE GUN

I am not and do not intend to be a dictator. My wish is to be a simple Austrian.—*Chancellor Kurt Schuschnigg of Austria, after his assumption of dictatorial powers. Quoted in The New York Times.*

THAT PREDESTINED FREE WILL

I would like to point out in that connection that this bill [the Nye bill for making military training optional only in civil educational institutions] which seeks to prevent compulsion in itself is compulsory and we believe that if it is the view that there should be a more liberal operation of our R.O.T.C. training, then this bill is contrary to that, because it compels the institution to make training optional. —*Testimony of Major Edwin S. Bettelheim Jr., page 286 of the report of the hearings on the Nye bill.*

TELL IT TO THE UNEMPLOYED

I warn . . . that if government is granted power to regulate hours of labor, it thereby gains power to prohibit the laborer from exercising his natural right to work longer if he so desires.—*Former Senator James A. Reed, quoted in an A.P. dispatch in The Buffalo Evening News.*

THE EXTENT OF MR. HOOVER'S DEMISE HAS BEEN GREATLY UNDERESTIMATED

Thus far Governor Landon has paused reverently at more famous tombs than any other candidate on record. The remains of Washington, Lincoln, the Unknown Soldier and Herbert Hoover, are among those paused over by the scion of the Sunflower State.—*News item in The Dallas, Texas, Journal.*

BUT NOT A QUORUM

The ship carries Mrs. George D. Widener of Philadelphia, who has traveled up and down in every corner of the earth, and says to our narrator:

"Mr. Brisbane, I have always wanted to meet you because I read your articles every day."

There spoke the nucleus of a highly intelligent reading public.—*Arthur Brisbane, in his syndicated daily column.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic.—THE EDITORS.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORRESPONDENCE

Laski, Liberals and Liberalism

SIR: It is doubtless unnecessary, after these many years that Harold Laski has been writing, to recommend him to New Republic readers for the brilliance of his scholarship and the "effortless superiority" of his prose; but there does seem danger that many may be led by Dr. Ascoli's review of his "Rise of Liberalism" in your issue of October 7 to neglect what seems to one reader the most succinct statement that has yet been offered of the historic place of liberalism in the development of the social policies of the English-speaking peoples. To dismiss Laski's achievement as an adventure in "moralism" is, I believe, to misconstrue not only the content but the method of the book: what Laski has done has been to trace the origin and dynamic of liberalism in transforming the institutions and ideas inherited from the pre-capitalist era, and then to exhibit the essential nature of the new institutions and ideas that were substituted for these under the influence of the new doctrine. Now it is of the essence of liberalism that it cites certain values as its unique contribution to human society—and that it maintains these values as of equal validity for all members of a liberalist society. Laski's method consists in juxtaposing the inclusiveness of liberal values and the partiality of their realization in the society they have dictated. This is as objective a method of evaluation as is open to the social scientist; whatever of moralizing is to be found in the book is in terms of liberal morality—an even-handed justice, surely. . . .

With the appearance of this book, it should no longer be possible for one to fall back on the avowal, "I am a liberal," as a proud claim to the achievement of final social grace. From this time on the avowal becomes the clear acceptance of the philosophy of business. Perhaps Mr. Laski's chief contribution to American politics will be found to be that he has justified the appropriation of the term "Liberal" by the Young Republicans. Once *that* is cleared up, it may be possible to get on a little. . . .

Berkeley, Calif. HELEN MAYERS.

"Woodsman" vs. "Lumberjack"

SIR: In reference to the letter in your issue of October 14 discussing the correct designation (in Pennsylvania) for a man who chops down trees, I can say that in Potter County, northern Pennsylvania, in the nineties, the terms "woodsman" and "lumberman" were alternately used for the men who worked in the woods. There was a popular recitation, "Woodsman, spare that tree." "Lumberjack" became familiar only later when the big lumber companies introduced outside labor.

London, England. O. F. THEIS.

SIR: Down here in Maine, natives "work in the woods," lumberjacks are imported polacks, etc., and woodsmen are good fellows with traps and guns, at home in the woods, and rare.

Harrington, Me. R. P. BLACKMUR.

Nobody?

SIR: It seems to me that Mr. Cowley and other Northern reviewers have missed the point of "Gone with the Wind." Three generations of patriotic schoolmarms have been too much for them. We Northerners hail the dreary scenes of "Barren Ground" as a rebirth of realism, but a gentleman with a julep makes us run for cover.

In "Gone with the Wind" the clink of ice and the rustle of crinoline play no such prominent part as Mr. Cowley would have his readers believe. They are the background against which the characters move, and the heart of this book is not that background but the fact that the characters do move. They move, I suggest, with greater semblance of reality than the characters in books that Mr. Cowley would call great. Compare this book with "Vanity Fair," and see if you do not agree that Melanie Wilkes is more tridimensional than Amelia Sedley, Rhett Butler than Rawdon Crawley, Ashley Wilkes than George Osborne, and Scarlett O'Hara, God save the mark, than Becky Sharp. Mr. Thackeray, with all his wit and style, is content, for the most part, to tell you what moves his puppets are making, but Mrs. Mitchell, with no style and little wit, makes you see her players move. She does not only tell you that Rhett was pretty good at understanding Scarlett: you see him doing it right before your eyes. Whether you think that "Gone with the Wind" is great literature is a matter of what you mean by "literature." That it is a great novel, I should think nobody could deny.

Richmond, Va. RALPH T. CATTERALL.

"From Hegel to Marx"

SIR: I have just read Mr. Herman Simpson's review of Professor Hook's "From Hegel to Marx" [The New Republic, September 30]. As some readers may be misled by it into the belief that it is a bad book, will you allow me to say that, in my own judgment, there is no book of recent years so helpful to the understanding of the forces which shaped the early thinking of Marx.

London, England. HAROLD J. LASKI.

More About Duke

SIR: I do not wish to prolong a controversy, for which obviously The New Republic cannot provide an adequate forum, by discussing the new assertions relating to the Duke University School of Law which Mr. Ernest Seeman, in a recent letter [The New Republic, November 11], substitutes for his earlier charges answered by myself and two colleagues in our communication of October 21. However, as editor of the Law School quarterly, Law and Contemporary Problems, which Mr. Seeman claims was placed under "the editorial surveillance" of Mr. Henry Dwire, director of Public Relations and Alumni Activities, I do wish to state that I have no reason to believe that such surveillance has existed. Moreover, I have never received any communication whatsoever from Mr. Dwire relating to any editorial matter. As for the periodical itself, I am content to rely on the judgment of those familiar with it and its objectives.

DAVID F. CAVERS,
Professor of Law, Duke University,
Editor, Law and Contemporary Problems.

New Haven, Conn.

Less than Kin

SIR: In your issue of October 28 you print a letter about H. L. Mencken signed by George Stevens. Could I run a classified ad or something to point out that Mr. Stevens' namesake, identifiable as the managing editor of The Saturday Review, does not think Mr. Mencken is a mutation, and does not know what moral and credit conflation may be? The undersigned would be content to adopt a middle initial and remain one of the George Stevenses who do not write letters to editors, except that several of his friends read The New Republic and will attribute to him opinions concerning Mr. Mencken which he does not entertain, and a capacity to mix metaphors—do cornerstones rise?—which he hopes never to acquire.

New York City. GEORGE STEVENS.

The Alabama Press in the Gelders Case

SIR: We would like to point out to your readers an error in an otherwise excellent editorial you ran in your issue of November 4 concerning the flogging of Joseph Gelders, our secretary in Alabama.

You inadvertently criticized the attitude of the Alabama press towards the case when, as a matter of fact, the press has been extremely fair and coöperative. I quote, for example, from an editorial which appeared in The Birmingham News: "Alabama, already suffering embarrassment from the Scottsboro case, is now held up

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

before the world as a state where freedom of opinion is denied and liberty endangered. The Gelders case may well become a national example of political persecution. . . . The miserable floggers must know by now that what they have done is held by the great majority of persons in the state as an illegal act aimed at the foundations of American liberty. But over the nation, Alabama shares the guilt which properly belongs only to these three or four persons."

DAVID KINKEAD, Assistant Secretary,
National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners.
New York City.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

The defeat of Fred J. Sisson, for reëlection to the House of Representatives from the Thirty-third Congressional District of New York, is the subject of a regretful letter by Marc Rosenblum of New York City. Among other progressive efforts, Mr. Sisson sponsored a bill, now pending in Congress, to revoke the "Red rider" of Representative Blanton, which compels every schoolteacher in the District of Columbia to swear each payday that he is not teaching communism.

H. W. Eliot, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and the Reverend George A. Warmer Jr., of Los Angeles, write us to disagree with our editorial stand on the election and to compliment Mr. John T. Flynn on his. Mr. Eliot gives us credit, however, for not attempting to "regiment" Mr. Flynn. Mr. Warmer would like us to start a column, "How I Would Have Voted if I Had Known the Returns."

Bishop Robert L. Paddock, chairman of the American Friends of Spanish Democracy, Room 414, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City, sends us a photostat of the dispatch of Frank L. Kluckhorn in The New York Times that described the huge foreign aid for the Spanish rebels, and urges that contributions be made to this organization for the relief of the government.

The purchase of The Commercial Appeal, in Memphis, Tennessee, by the Scripps-Howard chain, which already owned the only other paper in the city, The Press Scimitar, has brought to a head the grievances of the editorial staffs of both papers, and the Newspaper Guild there is gaining strength rapidly, a correspondent writes us.

Tom Mooney writes us to appeal for aid in preparing for the Referee and the Justices of the California State Supreme Court the documents arising from the hearings on his application for a writ of habeas-corpus, hearings that lasted for more than a year and in which 15,000 typewritten pages of testimony were taken. Funds were exhausted in the hearing and at least $10,000 is now needed. Address Tom Mooney Molders' Defense Committee, Box 1475, San Francisco, California.

A compliment to Slater Brown for his "Empedocles on the Empire State" in The New Republic for November 4 is sent us by Fred Mardo of Brookline, Massachusetts.

Concerning the statement in Washington Notes in The New Republic for November 11 that during the past congressional session "there had been only one major piece of legislation, the surplus-reserves tax bill, and here he [Roosevelt] had shown himself ready to accept almost any compromise," F. A. Sieverman Jr. of New York City writes us that "T. R. B. slides carelessly over" this occasion, on which the President fought hard and long and successfully, and achieved substantially the tax bill he aimed at.

What's on the Air?

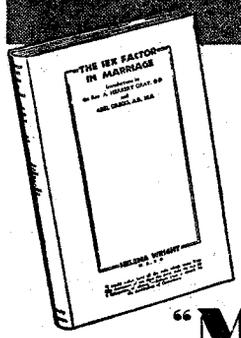
Dr. Grayson N. Kefauver of Stanford University conducting the American Education Forum. Monday, November 23, 2 to 2:30 P. M., N.B.C.-Red Network.

The quality (or lack of it) of radio music is discussed from various angles by Albert Stoessel, Olga Samaroff Stokowski, Frank Black and others in a symposium, "Music and the Listener," on America's Town Meeting of the Air program. Thursday, November 26, 9:30 to 10:30 P. M., N.B.C.-Blue Network.

Secretary of State Hull speaking from Buenos Aires at the opening of the Pan American Peace Conference. Tuesday, December 1, 10 to 10:30 P. M., N.B.C.-Blue Network.

All times given are Eastern Standard.

The SEX FACTOR IN MARRIAGE



By

DR. HELENA B. WRIGHT

M.B.B.S

Practicing Gynecologist in London

Over 60,000 Copies Sold

"Many married couples . . . lack the right understanding and enjoyment of the sex-act itself. It is to help such people that this book is written. The writer wants to give such definite and practical information that no one after reading it can any longer be ignorant of the nature of the sex-act, or fail to know exactly how it should be performed."

"I have a high opinion of Dr. Helena Wright's SEX FACTOR IN MARRIAGE. *There is probably no better small manual in simple language for married people."—HAVELOCK ELLIS.*

"Dr. Wright, from a scientific attitude and a wide practical experience of such cases, has written a most valuable and a greatly needed book. She writes without sentimentality or evasion, of the sex organs and the sex act. She explains the difficulties of sex intercourse during the honeymoon and after; gives actual and explicit information about the sensations of the sex act, the behavior of each partner in mutual stimulation, and of the climax, exhilaration and relaxation which should be found in it. She describes the variety and the perfection which may be aimed at in the art of love-making . . . a most valuable and greatly needed book."
—*The Journal* (England)

"This book contains very detailed information about the ways in which the physical intimacies of married life may be successfully and happily managed. It is addressed to those about to be married in the hope that it may save them from mistakes and sufferings which have darkened married life for thousands of couples."
—*From the Introduction by Rev. A. Herbert Gray, D.D.*

"THE SEX FACTOR IN MARRIAGE, certainly represents a free, frank, simple exposition of the details of the technic for facilitating sexual harmony. Doctor Wright has written with dignity, honesty and authority. Her experience as a gynecologist, a missionary and a mother finds expression in her understanding of vital human relationships. . . . Thoughtful physicians will have numerous occasions to recommend this volume to those who desire intelligent guidance."
—*American Medicine.*

CONTENTS

Introduction to English Edition
Introduction to Amer. Edition
I. MARRIAGE: A SEXUAL RELATION
II. THE NATURE OF THE SEX-ACT
III. THE SEX ORGANS OF MEN AND WOMEN
IV. DIFFICULTIES
V. THE PERFECT SEX-ACT
VI. OTHER PRACTICAL ISSUES
INDEX

ILLUSTRATIONS

THE MALE SEX ORGANS
THE FEMALE SEX ORGANS: WORKING PARTS
THE FEMALE SEX ORGANS: SENSATION-PROVIDING PARTS

"We have no hesitation in saying that the book is by far the frankest and yet most refined of any written on the subject of the sex factor in marriage."—SHERWOOD EDDY, in *The World Tomorrow.*"

FREE OFFER

Mail this coupon to your bookseller or to: NR-11-26

THE VANGUARD PRESS, 424 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

Please send me a copy of THE SEX FACTOR IN MARRIAGE, in plain wrapper. I will pay $2.00 plus a few cents delivery charge, when the book arrives. I understand that if it is not entirely satisfactory, I may return the book within 5 days and the purchase price will be refunded. I agree to assume full responsibility for safeguarding the book from any improper persons or minors without their parents' consent.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

☐ *CHECK HERE if you wish to enclose only $2.00 with coupon, thus saving delivery charges. (Same money-back guarantee.)*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hamlets

Plumes in the Dust, by Sophie Treadwell. Forty-Sixth Street Theatre, November 9, 1936.

Hamlet. Imperial Theatre, November 10, 1936.

POE'S REPUTATION had gone a long way by the time of his death; as an editor his possibilities are indicated somewhat by such facts as that during his connection of little more than a year with The Southern Literary Messenger the paper's circulation increased from 700 to 3,500 and its national reputation began; and that during his eighteen months on Graham's Magazine the subscriptions went from 5,000 to 40,000, due to a large extent to Poe's editing. His moving on from one thing to another, his poverty and hurt pride and many another unfortunate side of his life cannot all be laid to the world of men around him, but also to qualities within himself. We cannot go into that; the point is that to write a play about Poe you must decide where your lines will lie, and what it is you will deduce or dramatize into life out of the infinite maze of such a character and such a career.

Miss Treadwell, I gather, intended her play to cover in the main the pattern of a whole career, talent, love, scorn, despair, death. Certainly most of the popular banalities and moralistic salves can be applied, over and above all American poets, to Poe; and the account of him written and talked exhibits in the recorders, talkers and believers some of the stupidest and nastiest traits in our human nature. If the play was not very cogent, deft or notable, it was at least about something and somebody. A play about anything or anybody written by somebody with a capital letter is, of course, one thing; otherwise we are lucky in this case to have a remarkable being to quote from. Poe said so much that a play about him can put his own words into the role's mouth to a vast extent. If many of these speeches that Mr. Hull's Poe had to say would have embarrassed the real Poe, as someone has declared, the dramatist, if she chose, might admit as much, but add that Poe might well be embarrassed to hear a good many of the things he said repeated. His taste and his nervous impulses were highly uncertain, his motives sometimes all passionate sincerity, sometimes mere cheap bluff. This point on the dramatist's part, however, would not be so sound as it might seem; esthetically it will not hold water. You select from a man's recorded words as you select from anything else about him, the end in every case being what you desire to create—what else would you say art is?

The scenes of "Plumes in the Dust" often lacked development in details; and the whole production would have gained by a frank admission and promotion of stage as stage. But many of the performances were sincere and effective, notably Miss Mary Morris as Mrs. Clem, Poe's mother-in-law, and Miss Amelia Romano as the young wife. Mr. Hull's Poe in the first scenes would have gained if he could have combined with the facility and excitability more of a certain darkness within and a sensibility tragic and perhaps already unstable. Something more of elegance and formality also would have better conveyed the period, which must share in Poe's make-up. In the later scenes Mr. Hull did make you believe that you were dealing with a genius, which is saying much. And in every case where Poe was allowed to recite any of his verses, there appeared an almost startling reading ability. In the reading, for example, of the valentine poem to his dying wife, the basic energy, accuracy and beauty were such as you will rarely hear.

As for Mr. Leslie Howard's production of "Hamlet": The present mania among us for reducing and slenderness might be taken as either abdominal or sociological as the case may be; at any rate running around without flesh is a great thing, in some instances it must be the sole consolation. The mania for youth might doubtless be condoned: if we have practically no point of view, very little tradition, not much culture that is rooted in anything, and are too busy to have used the brains we were born with, we may as well be young at least. And so the Hamlets, following the time, are likely to follow the youthful line—Mr. Raymond Massey, for instance, with not a pound to spare (though Shakespeare says Hamlet is thirty and is fat), skipping about in what looked like a union-suit dyed black (this glass of fashion and mold of form that Shakespeare conceived as having been at one stage his complex hero). And so we have the Renaissance pared down to poignant emotion on thin legs, and all that brilliancy and depth of intelligence indicated as mere spurts of personality.

Mr. Leslie Howard's relation to this production of "Hamlet" is dignified and fine. As well as being thin and garbed revealingly, he gives us a Hamlet with one especially admirable quality, which consists in the fact that the actor sees the role within the terms of his own capacity, he shows a good taste in its development, and he never forces it into elements outside and impossible to himself. This is a genuine compliment. As for his performance, we could do with more vitality and pressure, more freedom in indicating the springs of Hamlet's nature and the variety of his response—a variety that makes professors think Shakespeare must have jumbled several plays together—and more admission in the character of what is veiled, choice or tragic. Some of Hamlet's speeches Mr. Howard leaves shallow and wasted, that to Horatio for example, "Give me that man that is not passion's slave." Others receive an honest and straight treatment; for instance, the soliloquy on the boat to England gets a solid attack where most actors either muddle it or leave it out. Mr. Howard suffers, ironically enough, from certain past advantages: the voice, for example, is only too familiar from his triumphs in comedy reading; and fundamentally is adapted to what is tragic only indirectly, not what is tragic with flow, heat and power. The words, the meanings within ordinary reason, the diction, the verse inch by inch at least, have been carefully studied. You have no sense of any vulgar insistence on meanings, nor do you feel urged, as in some versions of him, to be lenient with Shakespeare.

The production itself is one of the most solid and handsomest that we have seen for Shakespeare; Mr. Stewart Chaney's setting very telling and workable, now and then superb in effect; Mr. Schuyler Watts's version often leaving in passages that are remarkably right. By some inspiration Mr. Virgil Thomson was brought in to compose the incidental music, trumpets, drums, fanfares et cetera; the sounds he has created are marvelous. I doubt if our theatre has ever seen anything in this kind that could approach it.

STARK YOUNG.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*At the top!

THE YEAR'S MOST BEAUTIFUL BIOGRAPHY

AUDUBON

WITH 12 FULL COLOR REPRODUCTIONS FROM AUDUBON PRINTS, AND DRAWINGS BY JAMES MACDONALD.

By Constance Rourke

*"In American biography we incline to place Constance Rourke's AUDUBON at the top."
—BOSTON TRANSCRIPT

"No summarizing review can do justice to Miss Rourke's treatment of the subject."—N. Y. TIMES

"Do not on any account overlook the magnificent AUDUBON by Constance Rourke."
—MAY LAMBERTON BECKER, N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE

"This is not a book of the year, but one of a lifetime." —ATLANTIC MONTHLY

"Here is a mystery story, an adventure story, an escape story, a love story and a success story . . . a rare and beautiful book."
—LEWIS GANNETT, N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE

"An unusually fine book of lasting value."
—HERSCHEL BRICKELL, N. Y. POST

$3.00

Just out!

THE MOST EXCITING AND REVEALING VOLUME OF THE MEMOIRS OF

Mabel Dodge Luhan

MOVERS AND SHAKERS

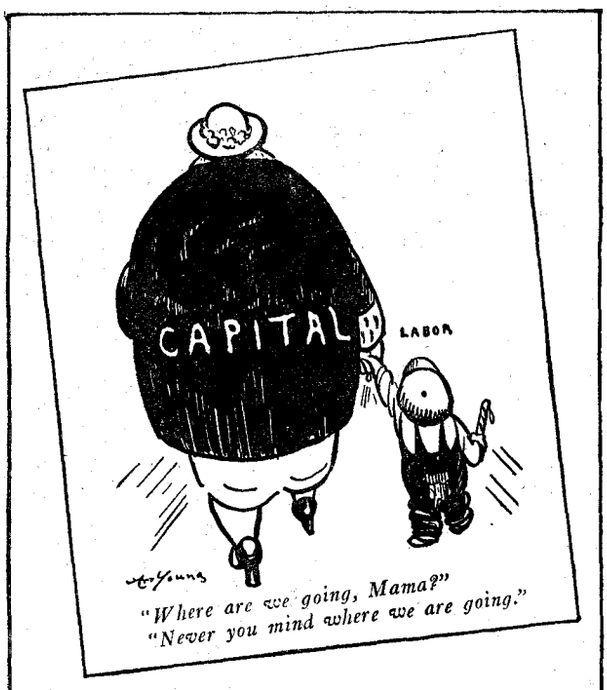
"Twentieth century kin to the memoirs of Cellini and Casanova . . . Uncannily alive, her self-revelations may stand among the enduring documents of our age."—*Lewis Gannett, N.Y. Herald Tribune.* Here is the record of the years of Mabel Dodge's Fifth Avenue salon. Here are the original versions of the famous stories about the Paterson Pageant, the Armory Show, Mabel Dodge's relations with John Reed, Reed's trip to Mexico. Here are the intimate memories of all Mabel Dodge's friends of those years—Steffens, Stieglitz, Carl Van Vechten, Bill Haywood, Robert Edmond Jones, Max Eastman—scores of others.

Illustrated, $5.00

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY, 383 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"The Best of Art Young"

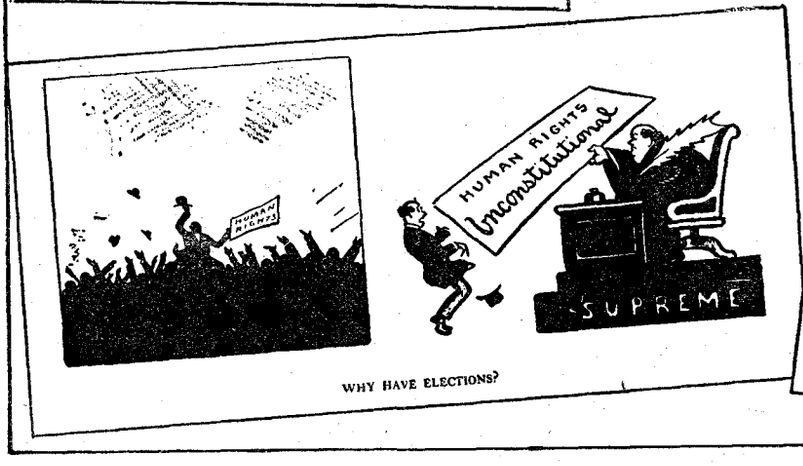


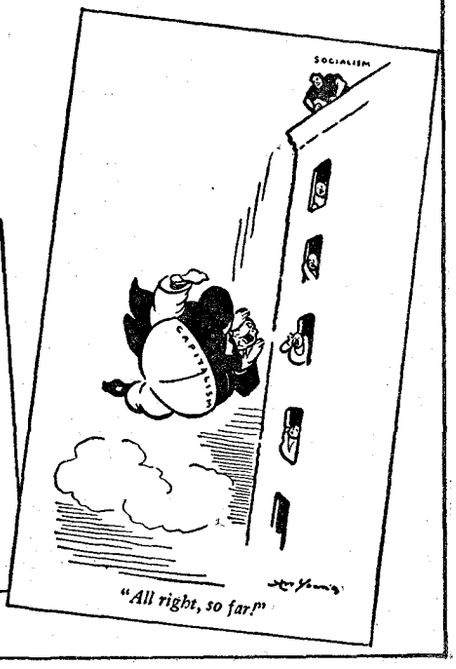
The Best of Art Young, preface by Heywood Broun. New York: The Vanguard Press. 186 pages. $3.

THE TWO pages of Art Young's drawings that are reproduced here tell more of his quality than I could do in a million words. Among American cartoonists there are many able draughtsmen who are without social conscience; there are some with plenty of conscience who, alas, do not know how to draw. Art Young is at the top of the little list of those who both have something to say and know how to say it. Naturally, this has made him *persona non grata* to the editors of those two-million-circulation magazines whose only test of a good editorial feature is that it inclines the not-quite-bright more strongly than ever to buy X's soap or Z's vacuum cleaner; but it has endeared him to everybody who likes the combination of a skilled hand and a fearless heart. In a civilized country he would long ago have been given a fat pension by the government and would sit around in the sun giving advice to worshiping whippersnappers.

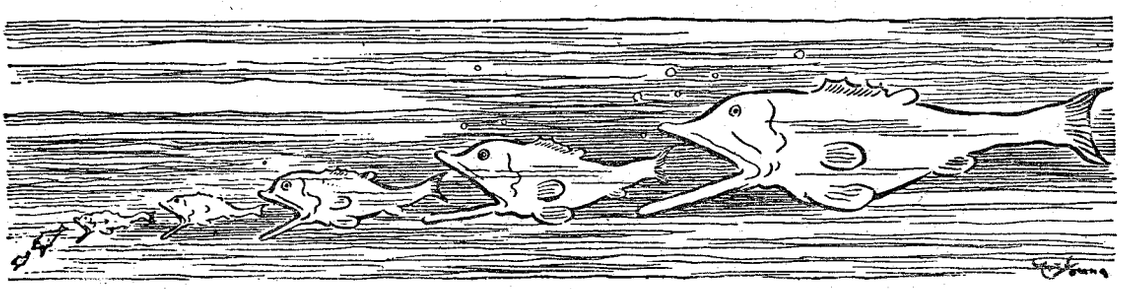
Some of the drawings in this book are now a little dated. Surprisingly enough, in several cases this is because of actions of the Roosevelt administration, which, with all its failings, has improved upon the jungle morality of Hoover days and earlier. Whether dated or not, they are worth seeing, or reseeing. The purpose of these two pages is like that of the candy butcher in the day coach who puts into your hand a free spoonful of salted peanuts. They will have failed their purpose unless they cause you to rush out now and buy the book.

BRUCE BLIVEN.



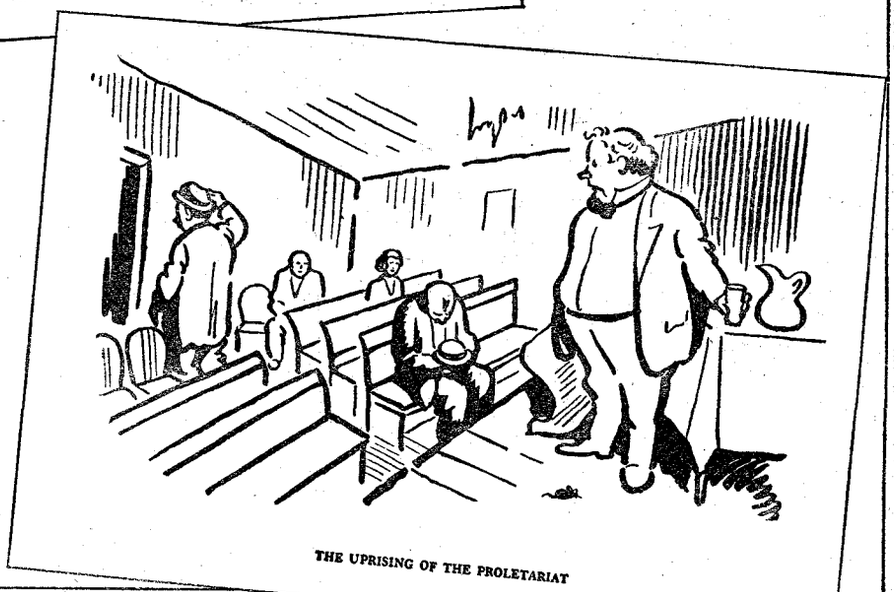


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

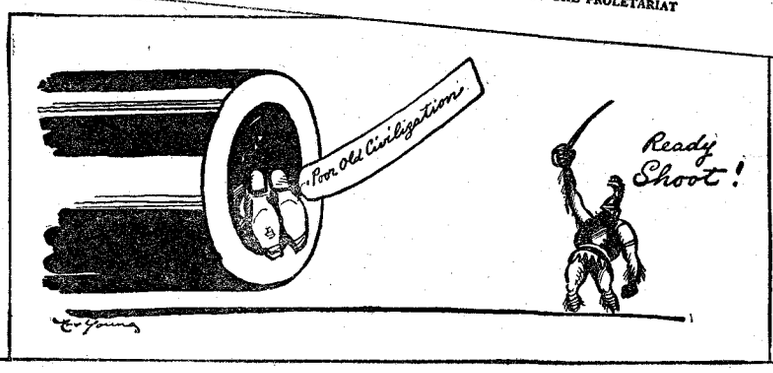


BUSINESS

THE PRISONER WHO CAME CLEAN



THE UPRISING OF THE PROLETARIAT



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS IN REVIEW

Fable for Russian Children

I CAN IMAGINE a group of towheaded Russian children sitting round the fireplace while the night winds howl outside their communal dwelling. "Uncle Karl!" the oldest of them says. "Uncle Karl, tell us a story. Tell us what a patroness of art was like under capitalism."

Uncle Karl, combing his long white beard with his fingers, remembers his youth in the salons of St. Petersburg. He remembers Lenin speaking in the palace of the Tsar's former mistress. He has read all the books in all the languages.

"Let me think, children," he says. "She would be the daughter of a very rich provincial banker and she would be many times unhappily married but always willing to try again. She would have lived in Paris and Florence and learned the gossip of the art world, but she wouldn't care much about pictures or poems, not in her inmost heart. Indeed, her inmost heart would be as dry and cold as a vault in her father's bank. She would try to fill it with color and warmth that she stole from living artists, just as she tried to adorn her body with the brilliance of great paintings. She would have a salon crowded with very famous people, and still her heart and mind would be so empty that she was afraid to be left alone with them, even for a single hour.

"But, children, there is no use trying to invent an imaginary patroness of art. Let me tell you the real story of Mabel Dodge Luhan as I found it written in a book[1] I have just received from New York. Let me tell you how she fell in love with a revolutionary poet and tried to buy him and failed. . . ."

"Tell us, Uncle Karl," the children cried.

"Well, it was two years before the War and Mabel Dodge, as they called her after her second marriage, had just come back from Italy. She hated to live in an uncultured city like New York, but nevertheless she rented a big apartment and furnished it with delicate old gray French chairs and dozens of white silk embroidered Chinese shawls flung over her big white bed. That is what she always did when she was lonely or idle. She rented a new apartment or bought a house—even if she had many others unoccupied—and she furnished it from front to back and top to bottom. It was as if she tried to relieve the emptiness in her heart by filling her rooms with furniture.

"But she still felt lonely and unsatisfied, so she began collecting people in exactly the same spirit as she collected china dogs for her mantelpiece. One of them—one of the people, I mean—had a red beard that enhanced her white embroidered shawls. Another was 'a real decoration,' she tells us in her book, and was 'always charming in his rough, red-brown clothes, or fuzzy blues, with a late, pinched flower in his buttonhole.' But she had to have always more people around her. Soon she was collecting them merely for their air of eminence, merely because they were the heads of things, the heads of newspapers, the heads of movements. She was a species of head-hunter, so she tells us. Even though she had no convictions in art or politics, her salon became a center of modern painters and radical labor leaders—and a very interesting center because America was then in the midst of a cultural awakening like that of our own country in the 1870's.

"But she was still lonely, still unsatisfied. Out of all the hordes that gathered in her apartment, she chose a young poet, a friend of the workers. He had poured his great vitality into the labor movement and had received in exchange for it a new vitality, which he poured into his poems. Mabel Dodge admired this strength of his and was greedy to possess it. She carried the poet off to Italy, where for the first and only time he made her feel like a living woman in a living world.

"And still she was unsatisfied. Now she wanted to separate her lover from the sources of his strength and reduce him to an object that was utterly hers, like a delicate old gray French chair or a china dog. She was jealous of everything that interfered with her unqualified ownership—jealous of stones in Verona, of the great past in Venice, of newspapers in New York and of women everywhere. Finally the poet went away after writing her a letter. 'Goodbye, my darling,' he said. 'I cannot live with you. You smother me. You crush me. You want to kill my spirit. I love you better than life but I do not want to die in my spirit.'

"Of course that was not the end. Mabel Dodge threatened to kill herself and the poet came back to her. Then he left her again and came back to her again, because he really loved this woman he had brought to life. She tells us that she herself was responsible for the final separation. At any rate, the poet went away to fight in our revolution and write a great book that many of you children will read, and he is buried near Lenin, beside the wall of the Kremlin. Mabel Dodge rented and furnished a new apartment and three houses in the country.

"She was now lonelier and emptier than ever before and frantic in her search for a new source of vitality. Soon she scented and tracked down and captured a painter of talent. He was as different as possible from the poet she had lost; he claimed to despise politics and what he called 'the mob.' Mabel Dodge overawed him as she had not overawed the poet, and she was cruel to him as a way of revenging her defeat. She was cruel to other people too. She liked to invite penniless artists to stay in her house 'indefinitely,' then wait until they had grown really dependent on her and dismiss them with a curt note. She became really heartless and evil, if we can trust her own story. On one occasion the painter was nearly drowned. She watched the lifeguards trying to revive him and decided that he looked very unesthetic as he lay there limp over a barrel with his arms swinging—so she left without waiting to learn whether he would live or die. On another occasion she burned hundreds and hundreds of letters that the poet had written her from Mexico and Europe, letters that would have made the whole world richer. She had fits of aimless hysteria. She went to psychoanalysts, to faith healers, to fortune tellers, to all sorts of fancy quacks, seeking for anything that would soothe her expensively and without effort on her part. Finally she hurried off with her cook and her chauffeur to find new strength among the Indians of New Mexico."

Uncle Karl paused for a long time, filling the white porcelain pipe which he had carried with him from Vienna and preserved intact through the civil war. At last one of

[1] Movers and Shakers, by Mabel Dodge Luhan (Intimate Memories, Vol. III). New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 550 pages. $5.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Four books that take sides on some hotly disputed issues of history

How does a Socialist economic system work?

John Strachey
THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF SOCIALISM

His most important work since *The Coming Struggle for Power* . . . It tells how Socialist democracy differs from Capitalist democracy; what the dictatorship of the proletariat really means; what a workers' party is like. The most complete and up-to-date book about Socialism that you can buy today. $3.00. *To be published Dec. 4.*

Was the World War fought intelligently?

Liddell Hart
THE WAR IN OUTLINE

Here are the sad blunders, ingenious stratagems and thrilling victories of the last war presented with startling frankness by the foremost authority on the subject. *All the essential facts* that every civilized man or woman should know about the World War are in this book, encyclopedic in scope, brilliant, stimulating. 285 pages, 7 maps, $2.00.

Bernstorff—arch plotter or cautious diplomat?

MEMOIRS OF COUNT BERNSTORFF

The great German diplomat tells his own story of war time intrigue in London, Washington and the Balkans, and later, of his successful fight to include Germany in the League of Nations. Bernstorff omits nothing and apologizes for nothing —the result is the verdict of history itself. Illustrated, $3.50.

Must Civilization go Communist to survive?

R. Palme Dutt
WORLD POLITICS: 1918-1936

The author of *Fascism and Social Revolution* reviews the questions of war and peace, The League of Nations, colonial empires, the relations of East and West, Nazi Germany, Soviet Russia, Fascism and Communism as parts of a single process now reshaping the world. Here is the Marxist point of view on world affairs—the most authoritative in print today. $2.50.

These are Random House books

Send for a complete catalog. Address: RANDOM HOUSE, 20 E. 57 St., New York

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the children asked him, "But didn't the government take her money instead of letting her waste it on quacks and fortune tellers?" Another interrupted, "And didn't anyone punish her for being cruel and destructive?"

Uncle Karl tried to answer the questions in turn. "No, the government didn't take her money, because after all it was her own government, the government of the rich. And nobody punished her except herself, though we might say that she will also be punished by history. For she wrote a book years afterwards, and she tried to make it a great book in which she would appear as a great personality. The book is not great, though parts of it are very interesting to sociologists like myself. But it makes us feel that she had no personality at all, in the strict sense of the word. When she describes herself, it is almost always in electrical or chemical or mechanical terms—she calls herself a live wire, a dynamo, an engine, a vibration, a blue flame, a clockwork in a cage, a magnet, a chemical compound, but never a human being. She had not even the limited freedom that human beings achieve; like any mechanical thing she was utterly at the mercy of her times. And that is why her life is the case history of an art patroness under capitalism—a fable told round the fireside to edify and frighten little Russian children." MALCOLM COWLEY.

Return of the Native

Courthouse Square, by Hamilton Basso. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

FOR THE Middle Westerner, the Middle West is a habit, and time and new surroundings can break him of it. But for the Southerner, the South is more like an instinct; it lives inside him; it is less a stage in his journey than a fixed point to which—no matter how briefly, how unwillingly, how defiantly—he keeps returning. His own strength as compared with that of the Southern idea therefore becomes of vital importance, for where sentiment is inevitable, the problem is not to be overwhelmed by it, and where instinct is involved, the problem is to keep reason inviolate. Most Southern writers, whatever their gifts, have either capitulated irrationally to the pull of emotion, or rebelled irrationally in the throes of disgust. And the South itself is too irrational for any of its interpreters to be even a little so.

Consequently when one says that Mr. Basso has written a sound novel about the South, one means a little more than that he is a sound novelist. One means that he has come to grips with his material and, in part at least, conquered it as a person as well as a writer. He has approached the contradictoriness of Southern character by first recognizing it in himself; so that, out of sheer personal conflict, he has had to go beyond presenting something; he has had to evaluate it. He has seen what is good in the old Southern tradition, and seen equally what evils are devouring it like maggots; and he has computed at exactly what price the good is worth fighting for. It is not, by Mr. Basso's reckoning, at the cost of tolerating the evils; he would rather see both go, I feel sure, than see both remain. And it is only on so firm and responsible a basis of judgment that he has granted himself some indulgence of emotion. If he has given his instinctive feelings full play at times, it is only *after* he has carefully formulated his values.

"Courthouse Square" has to do with a young writer named David Barondess who returns to Macedon, South Carolina, after ten years in New York. He returns unhappily, for he has separated from his wife while still in love with her; yet he returns eagerly, for he is sick of New York, homesick for Macedon, curious about what goes on there. He discovers quickly enough that he is more of an exile at home than away; the place is suspicious, reactionary, snide and smug; the townspeople are full of prejudices, envies, frustrations that they turn to the worst possible use; and they poison whatever is still charming about their inherited way of life. A Barondess is particularly susceptible to their malice, for in each generation a Barondess, preferring his conscience to his welfare, has defied their code; and David, in the third generation, by coming to the defense of a sensitive Negro druggist, precipitates a drama that anywhere but in the South would be classed as melodrama. But being of the South, it moves closer to the boundaries of tragedy, releasing the worst instincts of a monstrously backward people—a people no more part of a gracious tradition than of a humanitarian one.

David Barondess is forced, not at all willingly, to awake from the romantic confusion that had earlier bemused him. The echoes of a highbred past, the mockingbirds and magnolias, are nothing more, he realizes, than scenery; the reality lies with Macedon's rotting people and rotten standards. The real South is a Negro problem and a sharecropper problem, defective education, inbred prejudices, loss of reason. It is no home for a decent human being, let alone a thoughtful young novelist, who can only find there an unprofitable martyrdom. And because this is the judgment of someone who is always smelling the possible sweetness on the air, who cannot down the deep nostalgia of his blood, it is a judgment all the more damning. It is, indeed, a confession.

The book loses nothing of its point because the author has not altogether gained his balance; he has been truthful, passionate and perceptive, and that is enough. David Barondess is only Hamilton Basso, of course, in the sense that they completely speak each other's language and that they are both Southerners wrestling with the problem of the South. Otherwise Barondess keeps his own identity, which is all to the good in a novel. "Courthouse Square" deserves attention for its significance of subject matter; it deserves it equally for its clear, able, sometimes beautiful writing. LOUIS KRONENBERGER.

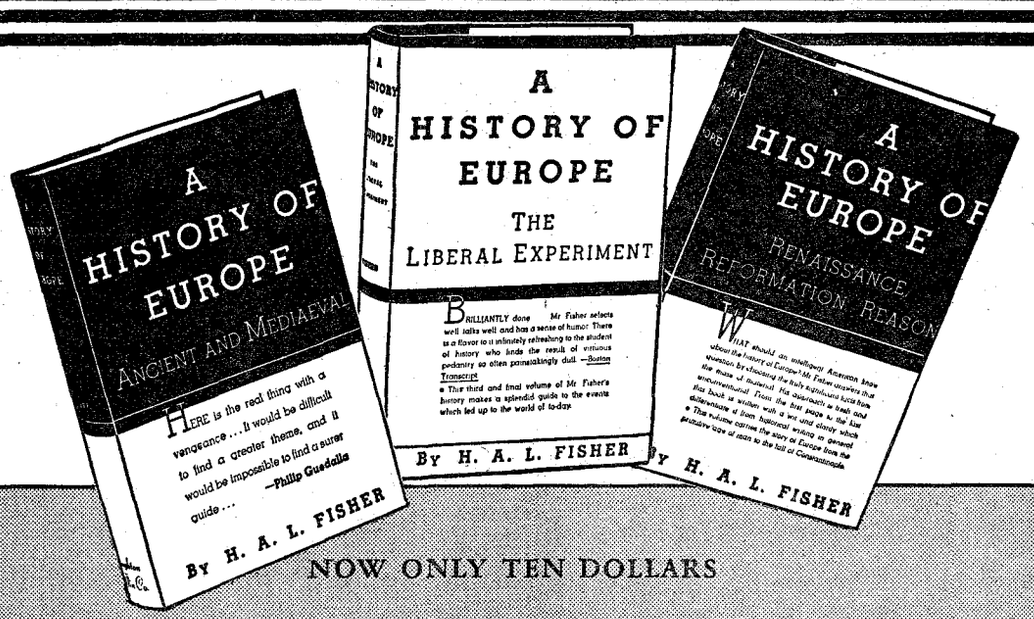
Japan in One Volume

Eyes on Japan, by Victor A. Yakhontoff. New York: Coward-McCann. 344 pages. $3.50.

SAVE FOR a passing reference to the historical period when two Emperors existed in Japan, it is difficult to find any evidence in this book of "disrespect" to the imperial court—one of the grounds on which it was banned by the Tokyo authorities on September 28. The more weighty reason for this action undoubtedly lies in the searching examination to which it subjects many phases of Japan's internal polity and external relations. General Yakhontoff ranges over a broad field. Beginning with a short sketch of Japan's historical background, he proceeds to the building of its modern colonial empire, to political and economic foundations, social and cultural questions, customs and modes of life, international relations and contemporary problems. His reasoned conclusions are derived from years of first-hand study of Japan, including a period as military attaché at the Imperial Russian Embassy in Tokyo during the World War.

Despite the general picture of a multiform economic, social and political crisis in Japan which emerges from this

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


A HISTORY OF EUROPE
ANCIENT AND MEDIAEVAL
HERE is the real thing with a vengeance ... It would be difficult to find a greater theme, and it would be impossible to find a surer guide ... —Philip Guedalla
BY H. A. L. FISHER
A HISTORY OF EUROPE
THE LIBERAL EXPERIMENT
BRILLIANTLY done ... Mr Fisher selects well, talks well and has a sense of humor. There is a flavor to it infinitely refreshing to the student of history who finds the result of virtuous pedantry so often painstakingly dull. —Boston Transcript
BY H. A. L. FISHER
A HISTORY OF EUROPE
RENAISSANCE, REFORMATION, REASON
WHAT should an intelligent American know about the history of Europe? Mr. Fisher answers the question by discussing the truly significant facts in the mass of material. His touch is bold and unconventional. From the first page to the last his book is written with a wit and clarity which differentiate it from historical writing in general. The volume carries the story of Europe from the formative days of Greece to the fall of Constantinople.
BY H. A. L. FISHER

NOW ONLY TEN DOLLARS

A HISTORY OF EUROPE

H. A. L. FISHER

"HERE is the real thing with a vengeance . . . It would be difficult to find a greater theme, and it would be impossible to find a surer guide."—*Philip Guedalla.*

EUROPE'S entire history from the earliest times to the present day, condensed into three lucid, and brilliant volumes that are a pleasure to read and essential to an understanding of the contemporary world.

"HE seems to see his history as a tapestry, no part of which ever escapes his glance . . Emphatically, it is a book for the general reader. Nowhere in historical literature in English has there been a more skillful and interesting weaving together of the complex strands of the eventful centuries which created modern civilization."—*Henry Seidel Canby*

The set, boxed, $10.00 Each $4.00

Pre-War Years 1913-1917

FREDERIC L. PAXSON

"Remarkable for the moderation of its judgment, the balance and proportion of its treatment, the shrewdness and thoughtfulness of its interpretation, the clarity of its style."—*Henry Steele Commager.*

"A cool and informed study of our entrance into the War, balanced, fair, and with broad background."—*Henry Seidel Canby* *Illustrated, $3.75*

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

study, and despite the direct reactions of this crisis on Japan's immediate foreign policy, General Yakhontoff refuses to be fatalistic about the outcome. He writes: "But the cause of peace is by no means lost; and it can be greatly strengthened by bringing together those who want peace preserved. Such forces are found in Nippon as elsewhere, and the near future will depend, to a great extent, on what these Japanese forces do."

The author's tilts with a number of conceptions about the Far East, now current in this country, add a generous dash of spice to his descriptive material. He considers Japan's export boom a sign of weakness rather than strength, since it is fostered by the narrow scope of the home market and increases the disproportion between domestic and foreign trade, inviting a collapse similar to that which followed the war boom. He also maintains that it is unrealistic to demand that the United States give up its interests in Asia in general, or in China in particular. In regard to American policy, therefore, he favors coöperative international action as against neutrality and withdrawal, as the best means of stemming the drift toward war in the Pacific.

As the preface indicates, this book was designed for the layman rather than the specialist. It aims to supply the necessary elements of a brief but comprehensive survey of Japan. In this respect, it fills a need not adequately met by any other single volume.

T. A. Bisson.

Underground in Germany

Fires Underground, by Heinz Liepmann. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott and Company. 300 pages. $2.

THE Nazis proceeded ruthlessly to crush all independent opinion when they rose to power, Liepmann writes, because they realized "the country's *got* to be scared stiff." Although the National Socialist Party naturally attracted many who saw in it an opportunity to give vent to the perverted desire to maim and kill and destroy, the Nazi terror essentially is a systematic attempt to crush the spirit of the German people. Fascism requires the blind obedience of a docile people. Despite the fact that the mere charge of being actively engaged in the opposition brings with it the immediate threat of sudden death, there is a vigorous illegal movement in Germany, and this book contains stories of the underground that have never before seen print.

When the definitive history of this period is written, this book and others like it will provide invaluable source material. It is a trained newspaperman's dramatic and convincing report of his experiences in Hamburg during the early days after March, 1933, and it is retailed in the first person by another newspaperman who checked on the facts. There are several scoops here that the paper back home did not dare or did not care to print: the story of an obscure Communist Party worker who is credited with making the entire illegal opposition possible by correctly interpreting the meaning of the Reichstag fire and taking the remnants of the Hamburg section underground; an unknown teacher who imbued the S.A. with revolutionary doctrine, which is given as the reason for the "purge" of the leadership on June 30 and the dispersion of the S.A.; how illegal literature is printed and distributed; and how it was possible to hold a great gathering of the members of the left opposition of Hamburg in a darkened theatre on May Day.

The narrator (apparently still in Germany) says again and again that reporters also serve a moral function, and he gives that as his reason for taking sides with the opposition although he is not a member of any party. His job gives him the opportunity to penetrate both official circles and the political underworld, and on many occasions he proved useful to prospective victims of the terror.

Liepmann himself is an exile from the New Germany. He knows what Nazism means to the people of his country, and his purpose is to present an objective report that will arouse the world to a realization of what is happening there. The story of the illegal opposition will encourage many now living in fascist and near-fascist countries, but there is danger, too, in broadcasting information which, although known to the Gestapo, can be utilized as a textbook by the secret police of other nations.

Frank B. Blumenfield.

Bananas

The Banana Empire: A Case Study in Economic Imperialism, by Charles David Kepner Jr. and Jay Henry Soothill. New York: The Vanguard Press. 405 pages. $2.

Social Aspects of the Banana Industry, by Charles David Kepner Jr. New York: Columbia University Press. 230 pages. $3.

THREE decades of pioneering in the banana trade came to a close in 1899 when the two largest competitors in the field joined forces to form the United Fruit Company. From then on, the humble banana, subjected to mass production through industrialized agriculture, became the source of wealth and power of a trust whose assets are today valued at some $250,000,000. It also became the source of poverty, misery and degradation for a half-dozen Caribbean and Central American republics.

The growth, structure and the role of this international fruit monopoly, ably and intelligently analyzed by Messrs. Kepner and Soothill, are results of an extremely complicated set of interrelated and interacting processes, of which, plainly enough, the amassing of private profit is both the driving force and the goal. Hence the chief and most impressive accomplishment of the United Fruit Company is that it has increased its original assets twentyfold and that "its stockholders have profited beyond expectations. . . ."

To establish its monopoly the United Fruit Company not only disposed of its American rivals, but destroyed small native farmers, wrecked their coöperatives, gained control of governments, circumvented laws, provoked border disputes and in other ways disrupted the social, political and economic structure of the countries of its operation. Then, once it had eliminated competition, it could dominate the affairs of these countries with even more disregard for the common welfare. With its miserably low wages, its company stores, its terrorism against workers, with control of vital services like the transportation system and ownership of vast tracts of land, much of it shamefully gutted, the United Fruit Company has depressed even Central American standards of living. And the tentacles of this octopus reach into the United States as well. The United Fruit Company has always maintained relatively high prices for its product. It has received fat subsidies for its "Great White Fleet" from the Post Office Department and in one way or another it has used the State Department to bring pressure on Central American countries. The authors correctly estimate that organized labor is the only group in Latin America that can resist "banana power."

Though about a quarter of "Social Aspects of the Banana Industry" is a summary of material in "The Banana

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CAPRETAX (CAPITAL-RELIEF-TAX) BULLETIN

Number 2

Marxism is Wrong!

That Karl Marx perceived the tremendous economic fact of Ground Monopoly too late in life; and that his tardy recognition of it was embodied in posthumous editions of "Capital" as an appendix having no organic relation with the body of the work; was pointed out in the preceding number of this bulletin.

Claiming that private capital is the original and fundamental force which exploits labor, Marx and his followers have never understood how Labor and Capital are joint victims of Ground Monopoly; that both Labor and Capital together must produce enough to liquidate ground rent and taxation before Labor can receive wages, and before Capital can draw interest or make profit.

Inaccurate Definition of "State"

That the modern "State" represents victory of the "bourgeoisie" (capitalists) over medieval groundlordism, is the false and preposterous doctrine advanced by Marx to explain the phenomena of modern parliamentary government.

As a matter of actual record, and provable from the structure of existing legislative institutions, the modern state (whose pattern originated in Britain) is a compromise between the historic prestige of Land and the economic energy of Capital. The failure of Marx and his followers to grasp this fact is correlated with the faulty Marxian proposition that Labor is oppressed and enslaved by Capital.

"Marxism vs. Fascism"— a False Issue

On the basis of these economic and political errors, Marx and his followers have precipitated the false claim that civilization is now compelled to choose between Common Ownership of Productive Capital and Private Business Enterprise.

Marxist propaganda has accordingly provoked and raised up the opposing force called "Fascism," which is based upon premises equally false with those of Marxism itself. *And in the face of this threatening new form of reaction, the disciples of Marx are now retreating into opportunism in search of allies among liberals and progressives, while temporarily holding in abeyance their platform calling for public ownership of productive capital.*

The strategic ideology of this move is that coöperating liberals will be automatically imbued with Marxism and become converts through acting against the common enemy. *The subtle intrusion of Marxists into the background of the liberal movement furnishes evidence which helps to justify Fascism and keep it alive.*

Today's Real Issue: Fate of Productive Capital

Since the modern State represents compromise between Capital and Ground Monopoly, *the logic slowly taking form in the midst of today's confusion is not class war between employers and employees, but the liberation of Productive Capital (as distinguished from "finance capital") by the transfer of taxation, as far as possible from industrial and agricultural enterprise to ground values, improved and unimproved, in city and country.*

Issue Further Confused by Henry George and "Singletax"

To dismiss these propositions by saying, "Oh yes! Henry George!" is not only to credit the author of *Progress and Poverty* with more economic and sociological insight than his works reveal, but also to misread the unfolding of today's tragic history.

In a way which alienated men of wider acquaintance with economic thought, George proposed exclusive taxation of ground values on the theory that such values alone are "a social product, due to the presence of society"; whereas he assumed that capital pertains to the "individual," and therefore should not be taxed.

But capital (i. e., "productive instrumentalities") cannot be explained by individual reference. As a fact in today's world, it is the result of exploitation through past epochs. Capital is that portion of material goods which is used for the purpose of *producing more goods;* and as Dewey and Tufts have emphasized in specific contrast with George, "the wealth of modern society is really a gigantic pool. No individual knows how much he creates; it is a social product. To estimate what anyone should receive by an attempted estimate of what he has individually contributed is absolutely impossible" (*Ethics,* 511).

"Social value," as a measure of the distinction between land and capital, was unwittingly discarded by George himself in saying, *"the social organism secretes, as it were, the necessary amount of capital"* (*Progress and Poverty,* Bk. 1, ch. 5).

Adam Smith on Monopoly, Value, Exploitation, Taxation

"As soon as the land of any country has all become private property, the landlords, like all other men, love to reap where they never sowed, and demand a rent even for its natural produce. . . . Nothing can be more reasonable than that a fund (i. e., ground rent) which owes its existence to the good government of the state should be taxed peculiarly, or should contribute something more than the greater part of other funds toward the support of the government" (*Wealth of Nations,* Bk. 1, ch. 6; Bk. 5, ch. 2).

Smith wrote at a time when it was dangerous to speak too plainly; and his rea significance has been ignored not only by most professional economists, but also by Henry George.

"Capretax," not "Singletax"

The demand that fiscal burdens be shifted from productive capital to ground values is not based upon impossible distinctions between "social" and "individual" value; *it arises out of the urgent, but inarticulate, need of business and agriculture to be liberated from the intolerable pressure of inflationary ground rents and an unscientific revenue system which overburdens actual production while promoting speculation in land.* Hence the situation calls for a "capretax" (capital-relief-tax) rather than a "single," or exclusive, levy.

This measure is compatible with the coöperative program and with public ownership of enterprises involving exclusive rights-of-way over land, such as railroads, telegraph, telephone and pipe-line systems, etc.

Free Reprint From "The Christian Century"

A free reprint of an article by Louis Wallis in The Christian Century, entitled *"The Economic Problem and the Earth,"* can be obtained by sending your name and address, plainly written on a post-card, to Willett and Clark, Publishers, 440 South Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois.

Another Opportunity for You

More information about the development of modern parliamentary government; the pending reversal of the compromise between Land and Capital in Britain; and the economic problem in general can be obtained from a little book—

SAFEGUARD

PRODUCTIVE CAPITAL

(*reading time, one hour*)

By Louis Wallis

75 cents from your local bookseller, or

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & CO.

Garden City, Long Island, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Empire," Mr. Kepner's monograph is none the less a valuable supplement to the larger study. Its close examination of sanitation and health conditions in the United Fruit Company's domains, of wages and hours, cost of living, race relations, social security and the role of organized labor as a defender of national as well as proletarian well-being amply confirms the general conclusions of "The Banana Empire." Mr. Kepner, however, might have gone into the history of the more important strikes a little more carefully. For example, in his analysis of the great Colombian banana strike of 1928, in which over a thousand workers were killed by government troops, he fails to say anything about the attitude of Mr. Jefferson Caffery, who was at that time the American ambassador.

CLYDE O. HUNTER.

Books in Brief

Eggs and Baker, by John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

THIS IS the story of a Communist baker and a murder trial in a little English town of the 1870's, and the power and warmth of the writing make it an important and highly exceptional book.

We find a typically Masefield set of characters, in the same village setting that he has described in "The Everlasting Mercy," "Reynard the Fox" and "The Widow in the Bye Street." There are, in essence, the same rector, squire, judge, farmer, drunkard; the same penurious, filthy alleys and public houses; the same open fields and copses around the village, and the same struggle between squire and tenant, and church and rebel. The theme of the story is also familiar: the failure of legal justice to distinguish between crime and desperateness (as in "The Widow in the Bye Street") and the utter lack of mercy in a system that permits capital punishment at all. And, in addition, there is a clear picture of the law descending not only on the guilty but on the innocent as well, though by the time the story is worked to its conclusion the word "guilt" has lost all its significance, for Masefield shows, plainly and grimly, how deeply rooted crime is in the criminal's environment.

The story closes with the unexpected appearance of a fairy godmother who sets the baker's destitute family on its feet again and, although this comes as a sentimental anti-climax to a strongly realistic novel, it is the symbol of hope that has always played a large part in Masefield's writings.

RICHARD VAUGHAN.

Ebb and Flow in Trade Unionism, by Leo Wolman. New York: National Bureau of Economic Research. 275 pages. $2.50.

This book might best be called a balance sheet of the labor movement. It is a careful statistical record of trade-union membership over the past four decades, and supplements Dr. Wolman's earlier work in the same field, "The Growth of American Trade Unions, 1880-1923." The course of the labor movement in this period is marked by many cross currents, as reflected in the contrary fortunes of various unions, and by two sizable ground swells during the war and N.R.A. periods. Through it all, however, emerges the fact that trade-union organization has barely held its own, standing in 1930 at only 10.2 percent of all non-agricultural employees as compared with 9.9 percent in 1910. In 1920, when the A.F. of L. had more than 5,000,000 members, the extent of organization reached a peak of 19.4, but the post-war depression made heavy inroads that were never recovered. At present the percentage of union strength is slightly higher than in 1930, and this is due, it is interesting to note, chiefly to the remarkable progress made in recent years by the industrial unions, especially in mining and clothing. The failure of the craft unions to organize the manufacturing industries accounts largely for the slow—almost imperceptible—pace of the labor movement in general. Dr. Wolman's discussion of these various problems is, unfortunately, too general and brief to be meaningful. The tables and charts, some forty in number, will be valuable to the student of labor. For though they do not tell us why, they at least show us what has happened.

W. P. M.

The Tallons, by William March. New York: Random House. $2.50.

Everything about this story is as familiar as if it were a simple extension of some back-page news item of a common variety: two jealous brothers and the girl they love, the murder of one brother by the other, and the ultimate confession and conviction. In its effect the story remains only a summary of this familiar situation, believable enough, but with little meaning in dramatic human terms; and the characters, too, are the black and white characters that anyone might infer from a brief news item. The fact that Jim and Andrew Tallon and Myrtle Bickerstaff live in an Alabama mill town is, apparently of no importance. They might live anywhere. But in a literary sense they lack any universality, precisely because their background is so functionless, so unparticularized. Mr. March wrote meaningfully in "Company K," his first novel, and at least interestingly in his second, "Come in at the Door." This time he just writes.

M. S.

Contributors

MAURY MAVERICK has just been reëlected to the House of Representatives from his district in Texas, where he is known as a member of a famous old cattle family and as one of the nation's most progressive Congressmen.

MARY HEATON VORSE has specialized, as a labor reporter, in the steel industry. She is the author of several books, most recently her autobiography, "A Footnote to Folly."

ELMER DAVIS is the author of several volumes of fiction and essays, among them "The Keys of the City," "Morals for Moderns" and "Friends of Mr. Sweeney," the last a novel about the ineffectual editor of a liberal weekly.

JAMES BENET is a member of the editorial staff of The New Republic.

ART YOUNG, whose drawings are reproduced in this issue by the special permission of the Vanguard Press, has for many years been the acknowledged dean of progressive cartoonists.

LOUIS KRONENBERGER has contributed critical articles and reviews to many literary publications. He is the editor of "An Anthology of Light Verse," now one of the titles in the Modern Library, and "An Eighteenth Century Miscellany," recently published by G. P. Putnam. He has just published a translation of La Rochefoucauld.

T. A. BISSON is a research associate of the Foreign Policy Association and last August attended the Yosemite Conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations as one of the American Council delegates.

FRANK B. BLUMENFIELD is a former newspaperman now director of publications and publicity for the American League Against War and Fascism.

CLYDE O. HUNTER is a close student of Latin American affairs.

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of William P. Mangold and Mark Schorer.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED